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THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

IF no citizen of New-York were allowed to exercise the privilege of voting at a municipal election, unless he could previously pass a satisfactory examination on the great Mexican question, we should soon be delivered from all the 'woes unnumbered' of which a suffrage rather promiscuous than universal is alleged by that 'heavenly goddess,' the Press, to be the 'direful spring.'

The Ottoman Empire was not more truly a sealed book to the majority of Englishmen when Britain went to war to save the 'sick man' of Europe from his doctors, than is the Mexican Republic at this moment to the people of this country, who may yet find themselves at almost any moment called upon to inaugurate a policy entirely new in our history, by the absolute necessities of our frontier relations with our disordered and disorderly neighbor.

We have written the best history of the Conquest of Mexico, and we have made another conquest ourselves, to be the subject of some future Prescott's facile pen; but neither the historian of Cortez nor the armies of Scott have done much to familiarize the people of this country with the real character of the Mexican race, or to illuminate the dark mysteries of Mexican decline and degradation, or to solve the problem of the future of Mexico.

Mr. Prescott could hardly be expected to help us to much understanding of the modern Mexican nationality. His genius was* essentially picturesque rather than philosophical; and the theme which he handled so brilliantly, seems to have attracted him rather by its splendor as an episode in the world's history than by its connections, near or remote, with the actual position and the possible developments of American

* SINCE this article was sent to press American letters have sustained the great and sudden loss which compels us to substitute the mournful 'was' for the hopeful 'is' in this sentence; and the great historian has himself become historical!

affairs in this nineteenth century. His work is a monograph of the Spanish Conquest, not a history of Mexico, nor an inquiry into the relations of that country with the 'rest of mankind.'

More might with reason have been asked of the expedition which carried our flag victoriously over the mountain barriers of the great plateau of Anahuac, and planted it for an instant in triumph on the traditional 'Halls of the Montezumas.' And it is indeed hardly creditable to our countrymen, that no contribution of serious importance to our knowledge either of Mexico or of its inhabitants has been made by our armies of invasion. War, as conducted by civilized nations, is wont to bear other fruits than bloody victories or successful annexations of territory. In the train of the Republican forces should have marched a *corps* of men of science, practised observers, skilful draughtsmen, well-trained writers who might have brought away the condensed results of Mexican life and history for the instruction of the world in general, and the enlightenment of the American people in particular. The French expeditions into Egypt and Italy enriched France and Europe with splendid treasures of information, and the Pyramids know the name of Denon as well as that of Bonaparte. Our chieftains and officers, on the contrary, seem to have acquired nothing but political capital from their Mexican opportunities, and they brought us back, instead of science and social truth, only a fresh supply of candidates, and a not absolutely indispensable accession to that noble array — the 'most distinguished men of this country.'

It is to Europeans and to writers of the Latin blood that we owe whatever positive means we possess of analyzing the character, and appreciating the tendencies of that Mexican people which is unquestionably destined to exert a most serious influence, for good or ill, upon the future of the United States. For whatever the disposition that shall be made of the Mexican question, as now presented to us by the force of circumstances, one thing at least is certain, that the interests and the policy of this country must be more and more closely bound up with those of her decrepid and degenerating neighbor, as time rolls on.

We may settle the problem before us, by extending a protectorate over the distracted States of the vast Spanish-American Republic; and so avert the absolute anarchy which now threatens them. But in doing this, we shall enter upon an entirely novel phase of our history: we shall take a step fraught with domestic consequences that few of us perhaps have yet fairly considered; we shall inaugurate something so singularly like the early Italian policy of Rome, that it will be well worth while for us to reflect upon the possible perseverance of the parallel in directions as yet undreamt of by our busy, clamorous, and unthinking democracy. Or the problem may be settled by foreign in-

tervention : the eagles of Imperial France, already invoked by many voices in Mexico, and poising in mid-air with uncertain eye to some new swoop of conquest and of glory, may take their flight in sober earnest Westward ; and a new power, resting on French bayonets, spring up from the chaos into which the Commonwealth founded by Santa Anna has fallen. This certainly is not a probable alternative : as certainly it is an alternative by no means impossible.

Since the overthrow of Napoleon I., the civilized world has seen two sovereigns of the old stamp, rulers who have really ruled, who have planned their own plans, dealt with the elements of national existence as the mechanician and the chemist deal with the elements of physical nature, and devoted themselves to evolving new combinations from the masses of wealth and life subjected to their sway. Nicholas of Russia gave his genius and his long reign to the reconstruction of the Oriental world. He made up his mind in the first days that followed his strange and sanguinary advent to power, that Europe should become the vassal rather than the ally of Russia, and Turkey surrender to him the mastery of the Mediterranean and the inland Asiatic Seas. He sought his object with more of perseverance than of prudence, and sacrificed it at last, partly through the intemperate haste of an over-confident nature, made audacious by the success of years, and partly through a profound misconception of the personal value of his latest and most formidable adversary.

Napoleon III., after cherishing the chimera of empire with the obstinate devotion of a life-time into full and vigorous reality, has given ten years of a sceptre, such as rests in no other living hand, to remodelling the system of the world's relations. He has determined not only that France shall be first in the councils of Europe, but that she shall make herself in a manner the arbiter of mankind, through her ships, her colonies, and her commerce. The Crimean war gave him the victory over his only competitor for the control of the continent, and broke the heart of Nicholas with the sword of Russia. It reduced England from the preponderance which she had won at Waterloo, to her natural and proportionate rank among European States. It achieved, in a word, for the France of 1858, all, and more than all, that the first Napoleon had madly thrown away from the France of 1814, and annulled in the Palace of the Tuileries, over the signatures of all the Great Powers, the act of abdication signed in the solitary cabinet of Fontainebleau. In the face of all sorts of recriminations, suspicions, prophecies of mischief, and attempted assassinations, Napoleon III. has pursued his world-wide aims as earnestly as his purely European projects.

The peace of 1815 found France absolutely stripped of her external commerce, of her most valuable colonies, and of her men-of-war.

The splendid fleet which had helped America to win her independence, and had disputed with England the dominion of the Eastern seas, disappeared under the paralyzing influences of the Revolution and the misfortunes of Aboukir and Trafalgar. England came out of the great war with seven hundred and forty-three sail of fighting ships; France at the second restoration, hid in her harbors but sixty-nine armed vessels, of which the greater part were small and unseaworthy.

French-India had vanished as utterly as French-America; and the maritime trade of France was inferior both in value and in the number of ships employed, to that of the Ionian Islands and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In 1848 Louis Napoleon found France fairly entered upon the regeneration of her great foreign interests and of her marine force. In the way of Colonies, the France of Louis Philippe bequeathed to the new *régime* the whole of Algiers, some flourishing islands in the Indian Ocean, and the depressed industry of Guadaloupe, Martinique and Cayenne; with the opulent fisheries of the North Eastern Coast of America, and a new nucleus of Polynesian dominion.

In the way of commerce, a movement of imports and exports, amounting to 2,400,000,000 francs per annum, or about \$500,000,000, with a naval tonnage of 584,699, distributed through 5520 ships; the movement of American commerce for the same time, amounting to \$234,000,000, or about one half that of France; while our sea-going tonnage was estimated at 1,500,000 tons, or about thrice the tonnage of France.

In the way of naval force, the government of Louis Philippe, under the wise supervision of the Prince de Joinville and his tutor, Admiral Lalande, had called into being, between 1840 and 1848, a formidable fleet of fifty-four sailing line-of-battle ships and frigates, with five steam-frigates, and ten steam sloops-of-war. Ten years have elapsed since the genius of Napoleon the Third first began to make itself felt in the affairs of France—ten years of varied excitements, in which great crises have been met and conquered, great sacrifices borne, and great expenses incurred, for objects more generous, perhaps, than profitable. Meanwhile, what has the Emperor done with his ships, his commerce, and his colonies?

To begin with the colonies. He has extended the area of Algiers; acquired the whole of the splendid Island of New-Caledonia, in the Australasian seas; made the first steps towards the complete conquest of the still more splendid Island of Madagascar; and opened on the coast of Cochin-China his approaches to an Oriental Empire, hardly less magnificent than the Indian dominions of England. *In the West he has yet his progress to make.*

He has even more than doubled the value of the foreign commerce of France, which reached in 1857 the enormous value of 5,400,000,000

of francs, or \$900,000,000; or but one-third less than the commerce of England in 1848. In five years alone of the reign of this extraordinary monarch, the number of French ships increased fifteen per cent, and their tonnage forty-three per cent, while the value of the merchandise transported by them increased fifty-nine per cent. Not less marked, nor less indicative of great designs not yet fully made apparent, is the stern, steady, systematic development which Napoleon the Third has given to the navy of France.

The first application of the screw to men-of-war belongs to him; and the three-decker 'Napoleon,' which was the first screw line-of-battle ship of the world, still remains one of the finest, although she has been surpassed by such recent models of her class as the 'Algésiras,' whose name commemorates the brilliant victory snatched by Linois from the superior force of Sir James de Saumarez under the very guns of Gibraltar. And it is not less in the perfection, than in the number of his naval force, that the French Emperor has shown his creative energy and skill. At the present moment France, with a naval *matériel* of available ships afloat, fully equal to that of England, possesses an immediately available force of naval seamen decidedly superior to that of her ancient rival. By the latest reports of the two nations, France has four hundred and fifty ships-of-war, with thirty steam gun-boats, against five hundred and forty-six English ships-of-war, with one hundred and sixty-two steam gun-boats. But while France possesses hardly one vessel more than twenty years old, England counts on her list many ships as venerable as the 'Victory,' and superannuated for all purposes of actual warfare; while of her newer men-of-war, a considerable proportion are unhappy experiments, by which the more cautious, economical, and scientific French have carefully profited. For instance, in 1850, England owned twenty paddle-wheel steamers, built to carry thirty-two guns each. Three only of these, the Odin, Sidon, and Terrible — the last a copy from the French steam-ship 'Gomer,' which brought Louis Philippe on his visit to England in 1840 — could carry their armaments. At the same time, France possessed twenty-two similar vessels, perfectly competent to carry their armaments.

Between 1815 and 1857 England spent \$450,000,000 on her navy; reduced in that time from seven hundred and forty-three to five hundred and forty-six vessels. Between 1833 and 1857 France spent only \$180,000,000 on her navy, which she increased during that time from thirty to four hundred and thirty sail. France, in a word, under Louis Napoleon, has developed her navy solely and steadfastly in the sense of immediate efficiency, and has made it what it was under Louis the Fourteenth and again under Louis the Sixteenth, a special and tremendous weapon of offence. With the light which these few

details throw upon the course pursued by Napoleon the Third, and upon the results which he has reached, it would be worse than idle for us to assume that his ultimate designs cannot possibly have any connection with ourselves and our affairs. For nothing can be plainer than that the possession of Mexico would give to France the best basis she could ask for building up a new edifice of Colonial Empire. Nor is there any reason for anticipating that the people of this country would oppose any serious resistance to the establishment of French power in Mexico, were it attempted, as of course it would be, within the forms of international law. The doctrine of 'manifest destiny' has not yet passed into the state of a crystallized policy, but floats vague and vaporous, a mere popular proclivity, in the air of platforms and of caucuses. No American administration would dare act upon it in the face of a formidable antagonist; and we should sit quietly by and see the Mexican mines turned into the cellars of the Bank of France, without a single movement of those restless 'fillibustering' masses which are supposed to be continually menacing the independence of the Spanish Americans, and to be the destined seed of that strong empire which is yet to cover the whole northern continent of the new world.

But a French occupation of Mexico, and reconstruction of the Mexican Government, would not permanently alienate the destinies of Mexico from those of the people of the United States. Texas is steadily growing westward; California as steadily growing eastward. We shall touch the Mexican 'wall of Ucalegon' sooner or later, and the contagion of our neighbors, whether wholesome or deadly, must tell upon our own social and political life. Under whatever conditions the political question of Mexico may now be settled, the enduring matter of importance for us, is the quality of the Mexican race. What are we to expect from the more intimate communion of the millions of Mexico with the already heterogeneous populations of our own country; whether that communion grow more intimate only through increasing relations of commerce, or tend to absolute assimilation under a common government?

Three leading characteristics mark the actual nation of Mexico, and demand the special consideration of every thoughtful American who wishes to comprehend the possible destinies of his country at all more clearly than the orators of Buncombe, or the gentlemen who live by a perpetual saving of the Union, and whose admiration of their own statesmanship as displayed in tinkering that substantial structure, can only be compared to the vanity of the mason who, after putting in a stray stone here and there in the drum of St. Peter's Dome, should proclaim himself the peer of Michael Angelo.

In the first place, the dominant race of Mexico is a vigorous offshoot of the Latin civilization. Nothing can be more erroneous than

the notion so common in this country, that the Spanish race in Mexico has really degenerated from the energy and force of the *Conquistadores*, or that the Mexican Creoles are a people easily to be pushed from their places by invading Europeans or Americans. The history of the struggle which ended in the recognition by Spain of Mexican independence, abundantly proves the fertility of the Creole population in men of unconquerable resolution, military skill, astuteness, ambition, and all the qualities which mark a subtle and domineering race. Our revolutionary war was not more bloody, nor prosecuted with more spirit by the revolutionary leaders than was the revolutionary war of Mexico. The royal Spanish forces, indeed, were on the whole more vigorously handled, and gave the patriots far more trouble than the royal troops of England, so long as the chief command in America was left to the bland but indolent Sir William Howe. This essential difference distinguished the two contests, and secured the future of our own country, that the revolutionary movement which in Mexico depended entirely upon the leaders, was shared in the United Colonies by the majority of the people. We possessed the enormous advantage over Mexico of a homogeneous race, an advantage due, as will be shortly shown, to the great original inferiority of the aboriginal people of the North as compared with those of Mexico.

But, as Mr. Waddy Thompson himself, not a very lenient or liberal observer of the Mexican people, has justly said: 'The annals of the Mexican war of Independence furnish many incidents worthy a place in the pages of Plutarch.' Nor is this only in the battle-field, and against the royal power. When Iturbide raised himself to the imperial throne on the ruins of the old Viceroyal Government, and of the first hastily-established Republican Constitution, the Congress of Mexico showed, as the same writer concedes, 'a firmness, virtue, and constancy in resisting his usurpation, never surpassed by any similar body under like circumstances.' The career of Guadalupe Victoria alone should suffice to command respect for the race to which he belonged.

And the authentic history of our own recent war with Mexico sufficiently establishes the military capacity, under capable leaders, of the mass of the Mexican Creoles. Notwithstanding the almost incredibly vicious organization of the Mexican armies, the successive combats through which our expeditionary forces fought their painful and dangerous way from the sea-coast and the Texan frontier, up to the lofty plateau of Anahuac, and the seat of Mexican empire, was no child's play. More than once the fortune of the invading host wavered in the balance, and the experience of our troops confirmed the verdict passed upon the Creole soldiery thirty years ago by a dispassionate English officer, that 'the Mexican has every quality necessary to form the soldier; and that, as an individual, mounted on his usually high

spirited horse, with his sword and lance, he is as formidable an opponent as any in the world ;' while the heedless valor of the Mexican officers was conspicuous on every battle-field from Monterey to Chapultepec. The Mexican Spaniard is indeed a positive and ineradicable fact in Mexican society. Had he been a less energetic, less ambitious type of humanity than he is, the history of Mexico, since her independence was proclaimed, would have been much less stormy and chaotic. It is precisely because the Mexican Creole possesses the qualities appropriate to a vigorous political life, that he has availed himself of his position in the midst of a great indigenous population devoted to labor and the necessities of life, in order to foster and keep alive all political passions, with that spirit of local independence and personal importance which reigns in all vigorous races, and unless neutralized by the pressure of practical life, as in the United States and the great countries of Western Europe, tends constantly to explosion, disorder, and anarchy. Associated with American politicians, the Mexican would speedily be found the most indefatigable and formidable of intriguers. Intensely fond of power, he would carry into the great political contests of the Union the same restless energy which has enabled man after man of the middle class in Mexico to work his way up to influence in the state, and to secure his special share in the plunder of the national property. Nothing, in short, can ever make the Creole population of Mexico safe citizens of an organized republic, except such an entire change in their opportunities of political activity, and in their habits of life as would be forced upon them by the constitution of a government strong enough to develop the resources of the nation, and to put more wholesome employment in the way of their faculties. It is impossible that such a government should be called into being and maintained without foreign aid and supervision. The only chance of establishing a purely national Mexican Government really capable of educating the Mexican nationality and giving it consistency, was thrown away by Iturbide in 1823. The author of the imperial plan of Iguala was unequal to the position he had assumed ; and Mexico fell wholly into the mercy of the ambitious among her Creole population, with the triumphant march of Santa Anna upon the capital, and his proclamation of the Republic.

The Spanish-Mexicans, however turbulent and difficult to manage, are, however, not the only, nor even the most trying features of the Mexican problem. Latins and Catholics, as they are, they are yet of European origin, and at least as susceptible as the Celtic myriads that have swarmed upon the United States since 1847, of eventual assimilation with Anglo-American society, in circumstances favorable to such a result.

But what are we to say of the vast majority of the Mexican people,

the representatives of that great indigenous civilization which astounded the eyes of Cortez and his followers; the extent, solidity, and force of which have never been fairly understood, and are now only beginning to be appreciated by the historians of humanity in this western world?

The experience of the English colonies with the Indian tribes of the North, has seriously misled our public opinion in regard to the native populations of Mexico. The natives, clustered as subjects, allies, or enemies about the Empire of Anahuac, were as different in all that makes the nationality and insures the existence of a people, from the Lenni-Lenape and the Mingoes of the North, as the Mahrattas and the Sikhs of India from the Tartars of Central Asia.

The traveller who climbs the gigantic stair-way of the Cordilleras; now lost in rapture before the enchanting landscapes that surround the lovely city of Jalapa; now in amazement, as he passes through the dense forests strewn with monstrous and fantastic heaps of lava that girdle the walls of Perote; feels, when he ascends the leafy pyramid of Cholula and gazes upon the flashing summits of the twin volcanoes, snow-capped and outlined against a sky of Italian blue, that guard the valley of Anahuac, that he is entering a historic region, populous with great memories and over-brooded by the ghosts of buried empires. The sculptured rocks of Tula recall the Otomic capital Mamhini, whose annals, illuminated by the beautiful episode of the Bathsheba of Acolhuac, vanish in the night of ages anterior to the Norman Conquest of England; Guadalajara, busy and wealthy to-day, flourishes upon the tomb of Tonalan, whose queen, surrounded with her warlike suite, received the Spaniard Nuño de Guzman with a welcome truly royal; the magnificent ravine of Mochitiltic murmurs still, with the voice of a hundred torrents falling in cascades of foam, the Aztec exultation over the death of Alvarado, the most cruel of conquerors and of tyrants. The glorious ruins of the fortress of Xochicalco, with its vast dungeons, and its walls once covered with bas-reliefs, now half-destroyed, to build the sugar-houses of modern civilization; the site of Tezcuco, where Nezahualpillé rivalled Solomon in wisdom and in wives, and the sister of Montezuma out-did the tragedies of the Tour de Nesle and the orgies of Messalina; all these, and the thousand other memorials which, from Tehuantepec to the frontier of California, whisper the strange stories of a conquered race, bear witness to the vigor of the nationalities which Cortez suppressed without extinguishing them.

The native population of modern Mexico cannot be disposed of as the tribes of Northern America have been. Their ancient traditions survive inextinguishable as those of Wales or Brittany. The names of their fallen nations live in the hearts of the Indian multitudes, their

religions have resisted all the influences of Romanism through three hundred years. The Otomis, those Jews of Mexico, persecuted for a thousand years, but not annihilated, a tribe and people still in their sullen humiliation: the Totonagues, founders of human sacrifice; the Chichémeques, the nomads of old Mexico, who from the sixth to the fifteenth centuries wasted Anahuac as the Normans pillaged Europe, and whose chieftains still keep their race pure as the blue blood of Gothic Spain, and wear their name of 'invaders' as proudly as the Northmen under the Lower Empire bore their title of 'barbarians'; the Toltecs, the 'artists' whose skill and science gave them the supremacy at last over all their native rivals, and astounded even their Spanish conquerors; these are all unforgotten, undestroyed. Their poets, their philosophers, their miners and engineers, their workers in feathers and gold, their weavers in fine cloth, their swift postmen, transmitting the fresh fish of the Gulf and the Pacific daily over distances of one hundred leagues to the Imperial tables at Tenochtitlan, these have passed away. Their *cuisine* and their medicine survive, adopted by the invaders. Their language and their religion live in the hearts of their descendants. On the far frontiers of the Navajo country, our officers find to-day the worship of Montezuma at the core of all the rude faith of the border savage, who holds himself the child of Anahuac, and waits for his 'deliverer from the East.' And throughout the populous regions of Mexico, Nagualism, the ancient ritual of Anahuac, organized after the conquest, to keep alive the recollections of heathen Mexico and hatred of Spain, is still erect and firm. In vain did Mendoza, the 'great Viceroy,' endeavor to destroy it, by adopting the aristocratic feudalism of the Toltecs; and Christianizing their orders of knighthood, confer the title of Teuchli himself, on the last Prince of Acolhuac. The last king of Tehuantepec fell a victim to the discovery, that while outwardly a Christian, he celebrated within his palace all the rites of the old religion; and through three changeful centuries, the Nagualist church has lived within the Church of Rome. The native child has been baptized by the Nagualist priest, before he was carried to the Christian font; the Nagual marriage has preceded the benediction of Rome; the Nagualist has followed the confessor of the dead, careful to wash from the corpse every trace of the extreme unction bestowed by the Christian hand. The native church has its fraternities, like the Church of Rome, making saints of devils, and paying honor to all whom Christendom most abhors; to Satan and to Judas Iscariot in especial, and celebrating the feast of the traitor with savage irony on the day of the Crucifixion itself! Below the surface of Spanish law and Christian order, the undying superstitions cherished by a pride of race unconquered, still move and breathe; still the gods of the Toltec speak in the sigh-

ing of the magnificent ceyba-trees ; still the native child lays his grains of copal on the mountain altar with a beating heart, as he follows his father to the forest or the field in the early morning light.

Again and again these obstinate instincts have taken shape in sanguinary insurrections against the Spanish rule. Strong as the organization of the old Viceroyalty was, it could not wholly crush the fire of the Toltec chivalry ; and New-Spain was harried within by her own subjects, as well as tormented without by the Caribbean fillibusters through long years of the Castilian sway. Chiapas and Oaxaca saw these Indian risings often. In the course of the sixteenth century, Zacatecas rose twice, once with a universal fury which threatened the work of Cortez with demolition, under a prince who assumed the sacred name of Quetsalcohuatl. Our own times have seen the successful renewal of these enterprises in Yucatan, while of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala, no small portion has already reverted to the dominion of the aboriginal race. In this antagonism of the two great divisions of its society lies the true secret of the failure of the republican experiment in Mexico.

Throughout Spanish-America the same difficulty has interfered with the orderly establishment of new governments upon the ruins of the colonial system. Paraguay, which stands alone among the revolted dominions of Spain as an example of regular and orderly, if not of liberal institutions, founded at once, and administered with no serious shock ever since the yoke of the mother-country was thrown off, owes her exceptional position to the practical unity of her population.

Now the Guarani civilization cannot be compared, for vigor and maturity, with the civilization of the Toltecs ; and it lacked altogether that religious element which thoroughly leavened the whole life of aboriginal Mexico, and is still to be encountered, modified, absorbed by the influences of Christianity. To any permanent organization of order and of national activity in Mexico, a thorough fusion of the incongruous passions and tendencies which now ferment among its millions, is the indispensable preliminary. Neither victorious invasion, nor headlong missionary enterprise, can achieve this fusion, which demands time as well as genius ; the subtle influences of material life as well as the supervision of the ripest political experience.

Whoever, then, is called to deal with Mexico — French Viceroy, Spanish Prince, Mexican Dictator, or American Protector — will find his task no light one. It will demand of him a combination of all the vigor which is demanded for the development of enterprise among the energetic scions of the European blood, with all the justice and moderation which can insure the confidence of the indigenous populations and arouse them to something like an amalgamation of their own civilization, sunken as it is, with the civilization of the white race.

THE HUGUENOTS OF AMERICA.

Who, in our day, can deny the historical fact, that Louis XIV. committed an irreparable and fatal error, when his Majesty signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the noble edict promulgated by his illustrious grand-father Henry IV.? This unwise revocation forced not less than three hundred thousand French Protestants or Huguenots into exile.

The earliest attempt of the Huguenots to settle in America, was made in 1555. Admiral Coligny, with his usual foresight, determined to secure for his persecuted friends a refuge in case of need. Rochelle and other towns in the hands of the Huguenots, though well fortified, he did not think sufficient, but looked to the new world for a safe retreat. He attempted in 1555 a settlement in Brazil, with some French Protestants of Geneva, Garonne, Paris, and Lyons. Fourteen missionaries accompanied them, and the emigrants were received with great joy; but subsequently, through the perfidious conduct of the Chevalier de Villegagnon, who led the expedition, the pious enterprise failed. The few emigrants remaining were massacred by the Portuguese in 1558.

At that period, the whole region of North-America was called Florida, and hither Coligny next directed his attention. Two ships were dispatched under the command of John Ribault, a bold sailor, with a body of veteran troops and some young Huguenotic nobles. They reached our shores in May 1562, and it is supposed landed near where Charleston, (S. C.) now stands. Erecting the standard of France, they built a fort, naming it Charles, in honor of Charles IX., who had just ascended the throne. One hundred and thirty-six men were left, while Captain Ribault returned home for supplies. The situation of the colonists became precarious. Their fort, granary, and dwellings were destroyed by fire, and more than once famine threatened them with its horrors. At last, having lost all hope of establishing themselves permanently, they constructed with their own hands a 'small pinnesse, making its sayles from their owne shirtes and of their sheetes.' In this frail bark the adventurers put out to sea for France, when, provisions failing, they were forced to consume their shoes and leather jackets. These giving out, one of the crew who had destroyed himself, was eaten by his famishing comrades. A short time afterward they were picked up by a small English bark. The feeblest were landed in France, and the others conveyed to England, where they were mercifully relieved by the Queen. Such were the earliest

attempts of the Huguenots to found a Christian colony in America, nearly a century before it was occupied by the English.

Coligny, undismayed, dispatched the next year three ships to Florida. Rene Laudoniere, a man of great intelligence, commanded. In 1564 the fleet reached its destination. The former settlement was avoided, and the emigrants planted themselves on the River May. Soon famine again threatened the adventurers. When on the very eve of reëmbarking for France, they descried strange sails, which proved to be Ribault's vessels with reinforcements and supplies.

Philip II. could not brook the idea of having the heresy of Calvinism planted in his American Provinces; and Pedro Melendez, a man accustomed to scenes of blood in the wars of Holland, was ordered to Florida with a large force of soldiers, priests, and Jesuits. Upon his arrival he proclaimed, 'The Frenchman who is a Catholic I will spare: every heretic shall die.' The carnage was terrible. Nearly two hundred, the aged, the sick, and children, were butchered on the spot. Some of them having escaped to sea with Ribault, their vessels were driven ashore near St. Augustine, when nine hundred more were murdered, not as 'Frenchmen, but as Lutherans.' These horrid atrocities were regarded by the French Court with apathy; but the Huguenots determined to revenge the wrongs of their countrymen. A soldier of Gascony, Dominic de Gourgues, fitted out an armament against the Spanish forts in Florida. He surprised two of these, occupied by eight hundred men, hanging his prisoners upon the trees, with this inscription: 'I do not thus as unto Spaniards, or mariners, but as unto traitors, robbers, and murderers.' Then he hastily returned to Europe; and here terminated the earliest efforts of the persecuted Huguenots to find a home in our western world, where thousands of them might have been saved, under Charles IX. and Louis XIV., had those bigoted monarchs encouraged and protected their persecuted subjects in these distant retreats!

In France, the work of cruel and bitter persecution continued. Desolating civil wars succeeded, and the Huguenots began to emigrate in immense numbers, especially after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their only permanent safety was in flight. France lost over half a million of her most industrious and useful citizens, and the name of Louis XIV. was execrated in a great part of Europe.

In the American colonies, the Huguenots were every where welcomed. As early as 1662 John Tontou, a French doctor, petitioned the Court of Massachusetts to permit himself and other French Protestants to settle in New-England. This application was readily granted, and lands were given the Huguenots near the now peaceful town of Worcester. Other Huguenots followed in 1684-5; but the settlement was abandoned, on account of the murderous attacks of

the Indians, and the Frenchmen repaired to Boston in 1696. Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess, herself bearing a Huguenot name, on a visit to this venerable spot, wrote the beautiful lines :

'SAY, did thy germ e'er drink the fostering dew
Of beauteous Languedoc? Didst thou unfold,' etc.

The allusion is strikingly made to the roses and shubbery still overgrowing the place. At Boston the Huguenots erected a church; M. Daillé was pastor, and also the Rev. M. Lawrie.

In 1689, M. Pell and wife conveyed to Jacob Leisler eight thousand acres of the Manor of Pelham, for the exiled Huguenots. The grantee, heirs, and assigns were to pay '*one fat calf on every four and twentieth day of June, yearly, and every year forever, if demanded.*' The payment was to be made on the Festival of St. John the Baptist. During the year 1690 Leisler released these lands to the banished French Protestants. They named their settlement 'New-Rochelle,' whither they came directly from England, being a part of the fifty thousand who had found a refuge in that generous land four years before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To aid their escape, English vessels lay off the Island of Rhé, opposite brave Rochelle, their

*'Own Rochelle, the fair Rochelle,
Proud city of the waters.'*

Men of stern religious principles, they soon erected a church according to the usage of the Reformed Church in France, and this sacred edifice was built in 1692-3, in the rear of the present Mansion-House. The Rev. David Bonrepos, D.D., was its first pastor, having accompanied the Huguenots in their flight to this country. He preached also to the French Protestants of Staten Island. The next minister was the Rev. Daniel Bondets, A.M. He accompanied the Huguenots to Boston. At first, he used the French prayers; but subsequently, every third Sunday, the Liturgy of the English Church; and in 1709, the congregation conformed to the English ritual. At Boston, Mr. Bondet was allowed a salary of twenty-five pounds (£25) a year, which was continued in New-Rochelle, and paid from the public revenue.

In 1709, this congregation petitioned the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts' to 'send over a considerable number of Common Prayer-Books in the French language,' and an English school-master. The petition was signed by Isaac Guions, Louis Guions, Anthony Lispenav, Pierre Valteau, etc., well-known names among the descendants of the Huguenots. The books were sent them — one hundred small French prayer-books, and twenty of a larger type. In 1714, M. Bondet requested 'the benefit of an English Bible, with a small quantity of English Common Prayers, because our young people, or some of them, have sufficiently learned

to read English for to join in the public service when read in English.' M. Bondet died in 1772, and was succeeded by the Rev. M. Stouppe, with a salary of fifty pounds (£50) per annum. This good man was somewhat unpopular with his members, who belonged to the old French school, and declared that his 'Church and that of Rome were as like one another as two fishes can be.' He seems to have taken good care of the colored people, stating in one of his reports, (1726) that he 'had baptized six grown negroes and seven negro children.' 'About a dozen of families,' he also says, 'first settled New-Rochelle.' Such was the beginning of this picturesque and beautiful village.

M. Stouppe was the next and the last Huguenot preacher at New-Rochelle. Educated a Franciscan friar, he became Superior in the convent of the Recollects of Montreal; but disgusted with monastic life, left Canada, retired to New-Rochelle, and in 1747 joined the Church of England.

It seems hardly necessary to add, that the family residence of the Jays is near New-Rochelle. They came originally from La Guienne. John Jay was elected to Congress at the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle. Like Henry Laurens, another Huguenot, he enjoyed the honor of representing the young Republic at the Court of Louis XVI. He was also one of the four Commissioners who signed the articles at Versailles in 1782, which recognized our National Independence.

Staten Island, in the magnificent bay of New-York, became a favorite residence of the early Huguenots. It should be called the 'Huguenot Island.' Here a French church was erected, and had a regular pastor. Some of those settlers were Waldenses, who, through the tolerant measures of 'good Queen Anne,' found a peaceful home. Like their brethren in Ulster, the descendants of the French Protestants on Staten Island, in some instances, occupy the very farms and dwellings where their pious forefathers lived more than a century and a half ago. Disosway, Fontaine, La Tourette, Guion, Macereau, Se Guine, Bedell, etc., are still living names. The Rev. Channing Moore, Bishop of Virginia, was for many years Rector of the Episcopal Church on the Island; and by marriage, united with an old Huguenot family, Bedells. The late eloquent Rev. Dr. Bedell of Philadelphia was of the same origin, and a Staten Islander by birth.

In 1690, William the Third sent a body of Huguenots, who had followed him from Holland to England, to the Province of Virginia. They made a settlement, on James River above Richmond, called the 'Manakin Town,' after an Indian tribe. In 1699 it was increased by three hundred families, and the next year one hundred more arrived from Canada. Philip de Richbourg was for a long time their spiritual

counsellor; and afterward conducted part of his flock to the banks of the Trent, in North-Carolina. Thence they were compelled by the Indians to fly, and emigrated to South-Carolina, which became their permanent abode. As early as 1666, the Legislatures of both Maryland and Virginia granted naturalization to the French Protestant emigrants of these provinces. In 1697, the same political privilege was extended to these refugees in the two Carolinas; and in 1703, to the New-York immigrants.

South-Carolina was styled the 'Home of the Huguenots' from becoming their principal retreat in the new world. One thousand emigrants embarked for 'La Carolina' from the ports of Holland alone. These expeditions left Rotterdam, touching in England on the voyage to America; Isaac Masiég came over in one of them. He had long been a merchant in Rhé; and settling in Charleston, amassed a large fortune, which he used for his adopted country. In 1687, the Lord Commissioners of James the Second, by the royal bounty, sent six hundred English and French emigrants to Carolina.

Jean Pierre Pury, of Neufchâtel, emigrated to Carolina in the year 1723, with three hundred and seventy-five Protestant families from Switzerland. To this company the British Government liberally granted forty thousand acres of land, with four pounds sterling, to each adult. The settlements were again strengthened during 1764 by the accession of two hundred and twelve more voluntary exiles. Their pastor, named Pilbert, accompanied them from France; and they named their settlement New-Bordeaux, in remembrance of the capital of Guyenne, their former home. In 1782, there were not less than sixteen thousand foreign Protestants in South-Carolina, and most of them French. One writer says: 'They live like a tribe, like one family. Each one makes it a rule to assist his compatriot in his need, and to watch over his fortune and his reputation with the same care as his own.'

In our glorious struggle for liberty, the French refugees zealously aided the cause of freedom. South-Carolina was the first to adopt an Independent Constitution upon the news of the battle of Lexington; and Henry Laurens, was the President of the Convention, which took this important step. Among her militia and regular troops were many illustrious descendants of the Huguenots, as Francis Marion, Peter Bosquet, Samuel Legaré, and Henry Peronneau.

It is a striking fact, that *three* of the seven Presidents who guided the deliberations of the Continental Congress were descendants of the French Protestants — Henry Laurens, John Jay, and Elias Boudinot. Two of them, Boudinot and Jay, were also the earliest presiding officers of the American Bible Society.

S P I R E S .

No, Mademoiselle, you are mistaken : *not* architecture ! I have no intention of troubling you with a dissertation on the early English, the Gothic, or the decorated style : I shall not exercise my fancy with regard to mediæval aspirations, nor display my erudition touching pinnacles and gables, finials, turrets, or pointed arches ; neither shall I have a word to say concerning campaniles, minarets, or domes ; but I purpose, with your kind permission, to burnish up some almost faded memories of that pleasant, ancient city in the Rhein Pfalz, which Germany has for ages known as Speyer, but which we of Anglo-Saxondom, with our customary perverseness regarding names, insist on calling by the ambiguous euphonism Spires.

In the year 18—, then, I had been wandering for several months up and down in Germany ; and I was now in the tenth day of my sojourn at Wiesbaden, which was already beginning to fade into its state of wintry dulness and depopulation. Reclining in my easy-chair at an open window of the Quatre-Saisons, while the western breeze brought floating snatches of most sweet music from the Kursaal Gardens, where the noble Austrian band from Mayence was performing for the last time that season, I lazily occupied my mind in ruminating on my movements for the future.

In what manner to spend the three or four remaining months of my self-permitted vacation was the question first to be decided. Should I put myself in the hands of world-pervading Murray, and follow out his Routes, from Number One to Number Five Hundred ; or run down to Göttingen, and attend the famous Professor Stumpfspitze's lecture on the Moral Teachings of Palæontology ; or settle down in some quiet little town, to live once more among that kindly, sterling, honest German people, as I had known them in earlier days, and as they exist unknown to ninety-nine hundredths of the picturesque-hunters who annually sweep up and down the river from Strasburg to Cologne ?

This latter method of passing the remainder of my vacation pleased me more and more upon reflection. I rang the bell, and requested that Rudolf might be sent to me. Rudolf, an old acquaintance of mine, now Ober-Kellner, or head-waiter at the Quatre-Saisons, had been, like most others of his class in Germany, a traveller in his time. He had spent eighteen months at a tavern in London, where he picked up a not despicable acquaintance with the English language, and thence had passed to a similar situation at the Hôtel Bedford, in Paris, where he rendered himself master of some broken French ; so that mine host of the Quatre-Saisons was able proudly to display the boast in

print, 'English is spoke here. Ici on parle Français'—an announcement which the curious may doubtless still see placarded on the walls of that excellent hotel. Rudolf, moreover, (and this was more to my purpose,) had travelled extensively, in the exercise of his profession, through Germany; and I had no doubt that his recollections must extend to some quiet nook of the very description I desired to find.

On his entrance, 'Rudolf,' I began, 'I am tired of Wiesbaden. I wish to make a final remove into some pleasant little city, where I can live *en famille* with a burgher's household, see no Englishry, read a newspaper once a fortnight, and make myself generally jolly in the domestic line.'

'If by that,' answered Rudolf, 'you mean falling in love ——'

'Nothing of the kind. But go on.'

'Mannheim is the place for you, Sir.'

'Yes, I know, *schönbeфраutes* Mannheim! But it is the reverse of what I want: in the beaten track, full of foreigners, and by no means interesting. Think on.'

Rudolf scratched his head, wrinkled his nose contemplatively, and exclaimed: 'Nürnberg!'

'Too dirty,' I replied.

'Magdeburg?'

'I dislike the Prussians.'

'Stuttgart?'

'Too much penny-Royalty!'

'Weimar?'

'The associations are overpowering!'

'Tübingen.'

'That might do.'

'Or Fulda.'

'Ay!'

'Or Spires!'

'What sort of a place is that?'

'Delightful old town, Sir. Three or four thousand years old, I believe; near the Rhine, yet seldom visited by tourists; not an English tongue in the whole Bezirk, when I was there, a year or two ago; plenty of antiquities in the neighborhood, for those who like them, and some of the prettiest girls in Germany, for such as like *them*. I have an uncle there, a master-baker, who will be only too proud to entertain an English Herrschaft in his house, and——'

'Enough, Rudolf!' I exclaimed: '*va pour Spire!* Have my bill made out to-morrow morning, and a carriage ready for the first train. I shall certainly pay your uncle a visit: give me his address.'

At an early hour next morning, I was on my way to Mannheim, where I strolled through the town, looked at the noble Park and

Palace, and crossed the river to Ludwigshafen in Bavaria. Thence to Spires is a matter of some fifty minutes' travel by rail.

A single vehicle — evidently one of the antiquities to which Rudolf had alluded — was in waiting at the station as the train drew up. A round-faced boy of eighteen shouldered my baggage, stowed it upon the roof, and asked me whether I wished to go to the Adler or to the Golden Löwe.

I decided in favor of the Golden Lion, and we set off, at a moderate walk, through narrow, dirty, and unpicturesque streets, toward that hostelry. I singled it out from afar. No staring front was there, or sign-board lettered with characters a yard in length; no bravely-sculptured lion keeping watch and ward over a *porte-cochère* wide enough for two if not three carriages to pass abreast; but a dingy, shelving, gabled building, shingle-roofed, with curious bulging windows, and a stoop of last century's construction before the door. Before the door, moreover, was planted, as in duty bound, mine host. None of your burly, red-faced fellows, as the popular notion will have all landlords represented; no fair expanse of double-cloth, well swathed in snowy linen, or vest incapable of buttonment, did Anton Hagedorn display. A little man, with a thin but kindly face, whose wrinkled ruddiness was heightened by the frosty whisker that sparsely clothed its sides; with hair of so retiring a disposition, that only after a violent struggle, it was evident, could that solitary lock have been coaxed up over the bald spot on the crown; with a person that had shrunk since the suit of rusty black he wore had been put together, and with a monstrous pair of silver buckles fastening his somewhat dingy shoes. With the ease of a courtier, this strange and almost uncouth figure advanced to meet me as I sprang upon the stoop, welcomed me in a grave little harangue to Spires, and inquired my wishes regarding accommodation.

I replied that I should make some stay in the neighborhood, and intended to be his guest for a day or two at least. He bowed, and motioning to the door, bade Heinrich show the Herrschaft to Number Sixteen.

Through a narrow passage filled with the savory steam of preparing dinner; up a creaking flight of stairs that led round all sorts of corners, and twisted itself generally into the strangest convolutions; into another passage, and to the door of Number Sixteen I followed my silent guide. After a tussle with the rusty lock, he succeeded in gaining admittance, when, softly placing my travelling-bag in a corner, and pulling up the dimity blind, with the information that dinner would be served in fifteen minutes, he left me to myself. After a glance around the dingy chamber into which I had been ushered, I threw open the window, and took my first survey of Spires. Whatever advantages a

city-view, as taken from the house-tops, may possess, (and every one remembers the eloquence of Bulwer on that subject,) the field of vision from a second-story window is decidedly too limited to impart much pleasure or instruction. In front, to the right, and to the left, stretched a sparkling wilderness of roofs, broken at intervals by smoky chimney-stacks, here and there more pleasantly by tufts of tree-tops, the whole surmounted at intervals by tin-covered steeples, blazing-white in the afternoon sun. Below me stretched the street, tolerably broad and straight, but totally modern and uninteresting.

A wonderful disparity, in point of age, was, indeed, apparent between all the surrounding dwellings and the ancient hostelry from which I was gazing; but their newness was not surprising, when one considered that the last destruction of Spires had been consummated little more than half a century before. The stucco-fronted, many-tinted houses appeared to gaze in absolute wonderment upon this strange relic of a by-gone age, which, I verily half-imagined must have dropped asleep in some drowsy century long ago, and have contrived, ever since, to keep its eyes so closely shut, that Time and Ruin, in that joint-campaign of theirs which we entitle the March of Improvement, had passed it by without taking note of its existence.

I turned from the contemplation of the dull, prosaic street, and conjured up a vision of Spires, far down the vista of the ages, as she stood in her days of youth. Beyond a gulf of nineteen hundred years rises Augusta of the Nemetes, a post where mighty Julius rested in his German wars. One can just discern, by peering through the uncertain mist, the outline of a little temple, gleaming white amid the leaf-age of the Vosgian forest, where an altar to the Queen of Love is raised. Mailed legionaries surround the shrine, cracking jests in Latin on the gaping barbarians who gaze in awe and wonder on their shining armor, and the guarded camp, and the ensigns of triumphant Rome. Since then the woods have renewed themselves a score of times, and have shrunk back in affright to their mountains before the ringing of the axe; iron legionary and skin-clad savage have been turned to dust these eighteen hundred years; Venus has given place to Mary, and Pio Nono sits on Cæsar's throne — but still the shrine remains. For when Rome had died, there came a stalwart king, fair-haired and long of beard, and throned upon a shield: in Noviomagus, Dagobert, monarch of Frankenland, takes up his abode. To whom succeeds a second Dagobert, pious founder of a Christian temple on the spot where we lately saw the Queen of Paphos worshipped. Diligent monks from beyond the sea are gathered about the altar, and teach a little settlement of barbarous natives to till the hitherto unbroken soil; mud-walls are thrown up, as a protection against marauders, and Spira begins to glimmer, with ever increasing brightness, through that long

and ghostly night which intervened between the setting of the ancient and the dawn of modern civilization.

My meditations were disturbed by the entrance of Heinrich, who came to inform me that the bell for dinner had been rung. After a hasty toilet, I followed him to the table, where mine host was already presiding over an assemblage of about thirty individuals, with a gravity and scrupulous regard to etiquette, which amused while it interested me. I felt convinced that curious memories must be circled around the strange old man, and I determined to avail myself of the first opportunity for gratifying the curiosity regarding his history with which his appearance had inspired me.

The sun had just disappeared, leaving a tremulous ocean of golden mist above the western house-tops, as I sallied from the inn after our substantial meal, more narrowly to inspect the town. Not far from the Golden Lion, rose in confused outline what must be, I knew, the famous Cathedral, and thitherward I bent my steps. The great portal was roughly barricaded with planks, which, together with the heaps of rubbish piled on either side, proved that the work of restoration was not yet concluded; but after a few moments' search, I discovered a narrow door-way at the side, having entered which, I found myself in the interior of the famous Dom. A wilderness of scaffoldings was all that met my eye at first; but I soon discovered that they occupied only a portion of the space, and that the body of the cathedral was free from encumbrance. No living being was in sight, and my footsteps echoed drearily on the pavement, as I paced from chapel on to chapel, endeavoring, by aid of the fast-retreating daylight, to examine the richly-ornamented columns, the noble windows, or the elaborate frescoes that covered all the walls. As the darkness increased, I determined to postpone my survey until the morrow, and was hastily retracing my steps, half-expecting to find myself locked in for the night, when an individual stepping from a recess, with a lantern in his hand, suddenly accosted me. He wore a common Rhenish blouse, thickly bedaubed with paint, but his fine and intellectual countenance bespoke him no common workman.

'You are a stranger, Sir,' he commenced, 'if I may judge from the hour at which you enter the Cathedral. It is not a favorable time for visiting the building.'

I replied that I had scarcely been in Spires two hours, and that I could not let the night pass by without visiting so celebrated an edifice.

He smiled, almost mournfully, as he exclaimed: 'Ay, celebrated, indeed, but for its misfortunes! And yet there are many who have lived a life-time in the shadow of its towers, and have never set their feet beyond its threshold. You must see it, however, in the sun-light,

and see it often, if you would know and comprehend our glorious building. It is twenty years since first I laid a brush upon its walls, and I could wish to spend another score in studying the magnificent pile.'

'These frescoes, then,' I answered, 'have been painted by yourself?'

'And by my associates. My name is T——.'

This simple declaration introduced me to a painter whom I had heard described as the Angelo of Bavaria. Observing the momentary embarrassment that had been caused me by the recognition of his illustrious name, yet feigning not to notice it, the artist continued: 'Yes! for twenty years we have been spreading acre after acre of blue and red upon these walls, and yet the work is not concluded. But it goes on; and if you intend to stay in Spires, we must help you to a more critical examination than is possible at present. Indeed, it is time to close the door.' Will you follow me?'

He led the way toward the little door by which I had entered, and locked it after we had passed. Twilight had almost faded into night. The artist laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said with a confident smile: 'You are Protestant and English!'

'Both,' I replied, astonished; 'but how is it possible that you should divine it?'

'In the simplest possible manner: by noticing your precision in keeping your head uncovered until you had crossed the threshold of the Cathedral, and from the fact of your having immediately glanced at the vane yonder, I read your nationality: the Protestantism, after that, was easy guess-work. You see, we recluses have, after all, some insight into men and things. What is your name?'

I smiled, partly at the quick perceptions of the artist, and partly at the bluff uncourtliness of his demand, which, having been satisfied, he continued: 'Good! and you intend to stay in Spires, young friend? That is well: we must see more of each other than is possible by the light of this smoky lantern. I am always to be found at the Cathedral, unless when I am at home, yonder, in the house of Dietrich Halberg.'

'The master-baker!'

 I exclaimed.

'Precisely. But now it is my turn to be astonished. How have you made his acquaintance within two hours?'

I replied that it was with the intention of seeking lodging in his house that I had come to Spires—a fact with which my acquaintance of ten minutes expressed himself highly pleased.

'We shall be house-mates, then,' he exclaimed; 'and well for you, if I do not give you cause to repent of it! But hark! as I live, it is seven o'clock, and supper has been waiting for me half an hour! There's my hand—see you to-morrow—good night.' With which exclamation the eccentric artist left me, and bounded toward his lodging with the lightness of a boy.

I resumed my walk, half-bewildered with the strange rencontre, and wandered from street to street, until the roll of the tattoo arose, to warn all honest citizens that it was time to seek their homes.

In the morning, my earliest care was to visit Herr Dietrich, whom I found already apprised of my arrival, by the painter, and who readily furnished me with satisfactory accommodation in his family. He was a portly, well-to-do burgher, whom Fortune had blessed with the kindest and comeliest helpmate, I am sure, in Spires. Two children, moreover, had been vouchsafed to him, with both of whom I was speedily on intimate terms: Friedrich, a modest, well-taught youth, who, as he soon informed me, had eschewed the paternal kneading-troughs for the more elevated study of juristics; and Louise, a lively, pretty maiden of seventeen — No, mademoiselle, you need smile no insinuation! I assure you, that during our whole acquaintance, Fräulein Louise treated me with the most filial deference and respect; much of which, indeed, I thought rather superfluous, seeing that the difference in our ages was in the ratio of but seventy to one hundred, from which statement, if you possess any arithmetical skill, you will ascertain, without difficulty, the number of my years. Louise, in a word, created Herr Wilhelm, from the first, her confident-general and interceder-extraordinary, by whose exertions not a few harmless indulgences were subsequently extorted from the sagely stringent parent-couple. The sixth, and only other member of Herr Dietrich's household, was the painter T——.

Eh? Is it possible that I have omitted to describe the personal appearance of my illustrious friend? An unpardonable and unbusiness-like mistake! In rectification whereof, let me photograph him as he sits, this cozy evening, by the big wood-fire in Herr Dietrich's parlor. I should say that he is decidedly on the shady side of forty-five; although he has never told me so, the silver that is visibly streaking the dark masses of his hair leaves little doubt upon the subject. He is by no means tall, but thin, perhaps even meagre; and you would undoubtedly pass him over in a crowd as 'a very insignificant-looking fellow,' if it were not for those noble eyes which would have transfixed you in the very thought. Their color is a sort of hazel-brown, of such a depth and warmth as I have scarcely ever seen approached and never equalled, lighting up his rich brown face whenever he becomes excited (which is very often) into a fervor now Satanic, the next moment almost heavenly; bringing sudden terror on whatever luckless individual may incur his wrath — or soothing with womanly softness the grief of some sobbing child, as perchance Louise, when her exuberant spirits give way before a rebuke from father or mother for duties neglected or orders disobeyed. When I add that a thin and grizzled mustache was permitted to adorn his lip, and that his

hands were of artist-like delicacy and smallness — one of them, by the way, is out of sight; if you would know its whereabouts, ask the ringlets of Louise — I shall have drawn such a picture as will enable you, if any thing can do so, to recognize my friend if you chance to meet him in the street.

With my installation in the Halbergs' household commenced a season of tranquil enjoyment, such as seldom falls to the lot of mortals in this hurrying world. The Italian idea of luxurious *idlesse* I appreciated there for the first and only time. All the morning I wandered around Spires, visiting, with Louise or Friedrich for my guide, the spots to which history or tradition attaches an interest; the afternoons I lounged away dreamily as the upward rolling of the smoke from my segar, listening now to earnest dissertations from young Friedrich on Bartolus, and Cujacius, and the Pandects, and the Code of the Ripuarians, and the Golden Bull; now to the prattle of his sister, who delighted in nothing more than in astounding me with fabulous accounts of the frightful tasks in needle-work that her mother compelled her to perform, or the terrible studies of grammar and French, and Heaven knows what beside, with which her little head, 'sunning over with curls,' was racked. All the evening, and the night far into the small hours, was consumed in listening to the genial vagaries of T —.

Dearest of all those kindly, simple people, wert thou, good, venerable Heiliger, Pastor of the Lutheran Communion, who wert so poorly furnished forth with this world's goods, so amply clothed with all the riches of the world to come! Single-minded, virtuous old man! dost thou still expound, thrice on each Sabbath, with Zwinglian earnestness, the Gospel mysteries to thy attentive flock; dost thou occupy still, as of old, that well-worn leathern easy-chair in which reclining thou hast so often triumphantly confuted my doubts and objections, playfully raised, against the system of thine apostle, Luther; or does another fill thy place, and hast thou, full of years and honor, been borne by a sorrowing people to that last quiet domicile in the Gottes-acker which thou didst point out as thine own a score of years ago?

So the pleasant autumn passed; and before it had quite given way to winter, I had an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity with regard to the singular host of the Golden Lion. It was one Saturday afternoon, as I was idly leaning with T — on the wooden bridge which overhangs the little Speyer-bach, that I bethought myself to ask him whether there was not a history attached to the house and its occupant.

'Indeed there is,' he replied, 'and a curious one. Have you never

heard it? Let us go to Rosenthal to-morrow, then, and I will play the story-teller there.

‘Willingly,’ I replied; and on the morrow we went.

Rosenthal was a fanciful name which Louise had bestowed upon a garden and orchard, of considerable size, belonging to her father, and situated without the walls. A holiday afternoon expedition thither had been contemplated with no little eagerness by the young lady for a length of time; and when she heard that *die Herren* had promised to form part of it, her joy was absolutely boundless.

Some time in the golden afternoon, then, we took our seats within the little arbor, blazing externally in its tapestry of Virginian creepers, and situated in the exact centre of the garden, upon an artificial hill-ock from which espalier-bordered walks, and avenues shrouded with arching grape-vines, diverged in every direction. The history which T — was about to narrate was perfectly familiar, indeed, to all present but myself; this circumstance, however, detracted in no wise from the interest with which it was expected.

‘Although you are so shamefully ignorant of history,’ he began, ‘that even this little school-girl, Herr Wilhelm, knows more about kings and kaisers than yourself, you must have heard, at least, of one Louis XIV., King of France, and his minister Louvois. You have? Well then: if it had not been for that precious pair of unhung scoundrels, neither should I, in all probability, have ever laid a brush on yonder walls; nor would you be sitting here; nor would you have the slightest curiosity with regard to my friend Hagedorn; for, to say the truth, that worthy individual would never have existed. What connection there is between a monarch, his Prime Minister, a painter, an inn-keeper, and an inquisitive young Engländer, this history will proceed to show.

‘You must know, then, that in the year 1685 the most Christian monarch cast a longing eye on our fair Palatinate, among other slices of German territory he would fain have had. The Elector, who died in that year, had a sister, Charlotte, married to the Duke of Orleans in 1671, in whose right the Palatinate was claimed for France, in despite of the existence of a direct heir in the person of Philip William. The quarrel lasted two or three years without settlement; but at last, in 1688, the haughty Louis yielded in appearance his claim, although the events of a few months later proved that he had resolved at least to solace himself with the sweets of revenge. Being embroiled in another dispute with the Germanic Body, he suddenly, and without declaration of war, poured an army of one hundred thousand men across the frontier. The Dauphin was nominally commander, but Duras was undoubtedly the real chief of the expedition. Heidelberg,

Mannheim, Worms, Oppenheim, Heilbronn, Keyzerslautern were besieged, and fell one after the other into the power of the French.

‘Spires stood a siege of six days before she yielded to Melac; but by November resistance was at an end in the Palatinate. Then the work of destruction commenced. The harvests were burned as they stood in the fields or in the granary; the trees were hewn down; the villages depopulated and laid waste; but the crowning act of villainy was held back for a later day. A detachment of the enemy was quartered at Spires, commanded by the Marquis Victor de ——. Like many other officers of rank in the French army, he was a courtier who had embraced the profession of arms as a means of ingratiating himself with his ambitious sovereign; he was young, without doubt handsome, and also rich. The house which pleased him most in selecting his head-quarters, was one which had been little injured by the siege, and part of which is still existing under the sign of the Golden Lion. It was owned and inhabited by a worthy citizen who had formerly been burgher-master, and who would gladly have vacated the premises with his family, if he had been permitted to do so by his uninvited guest. The Marquis, however, peremptorily refused a permit of departure to Hermann Ziegler, not that he promised himself much pleasure from the old man’s company, nor even from that of his wife, but from the fact of his having espied at a window a face which he well knew could belong to neither of the worthy couple. It was, indeed, their only daughter, Hermine, on whom his evil eyes had fallen.

‘There is a crayon portrait of her in old Hagedorn’s possession, from which it is easy to guess that she was of surpassing loveliness. A fatal gift, indeed, was that of beauty, in her case!

‘The Marquis soon established himself in the Ziegler’s house. While his duty was discharged by hard-working but plebeian subordinates, he deliberately addressed himself to the pastime of gaining the affections of Hermine. She had remained invisible to him at first, but a significant hint that his presence was not to be shunned, caused her trembling parents to introduce her to their guest. Hermine was eighteen, the Marquis twenty-five; he a *roué* of the first degree, and she as good as she was fair; but she was a woman, susceptible of flattery, pleased with condescension, incapable of suspicion, and, girl-like, a lover of romance. Had she not been a *roturière*, I will do the Marquis so much justice, I do not doubt that he would have seriously loved and married the girl; but for a German burgher’s daughter it was sufficient honor, he considered, to be his plaything for an hour.

‘He was at no loss how to attach the artless maiden to himself. He lent an obsequious ear to her timidly-preferred requests in favor of certain families whom the ruthless soldiery had despoiled; he joined

with her in lamenting the cruelties of which he was obliged, in discharge of his duty, to suffer the perpetration; he treated her parents with decorum, and herself with scrupulous respect. When their intimacy was a little more advanced, he instructed her in his language, and executed that portrait of which I have already spoken; he told her of Paris and Versailles, of Racine and Moliere, of the Court, and the Palace, and the awe-inspiring King. In short, he filled her brain with visions of unimagined greatness, before he doubly fascinated her with whisperings of love. And when his honeyed words at last were uttered, be sure that none were spoken without effect. The dexterous Marquis, in fact, had all the indolent excitement of an easy courtship, with none of the anxieties that wait upon true love. Her parents, meanwhile, had no inkling of the truth. In her devotion to the Marquis, Hermine had learned imperceptibly to deceive, and she succeeded in lulling the anxieties that her mother occasionally manifested, or laughingly put aside her reproofs of her familiarity with their guest.

‘To make a long story short, by the time the snow lay on the ground Hermine lived only for the Marquis, who, for his part secure of triumph, revelled in the tribute of her unsuspecting love. Toward the end of January he received orders from Duras. They were a copy of the famous mandate of Louvois, *Brûlez le Palatinat!* Burn the Palatinat! Next morning, at break of day, his troops were drawn up before the Dom; and before the town was well awake, it was proclaimed that Spires was to be destroyed, and that its inhabitants must remove within six days into France, under pain of death. Then the pillage began.

‘Imagine, if you are able, the shrieks and wailings that uprose to heaven through that wild day; conceive all the outrages that a brutal and intoxicated soldiery can perpetrate on defenceless beings; conjure up a vision of the haggard train that sadly streamed out from the devoted city — desperate men, and tender maidens who fled to death as a relief from their sudden shame; mothers vainly searching for their offspring, and children whose parents were lying dead in the ashes of what had been their homes — driven out in that bitter February, to die in hundreds by the way-side under a sky rendered lurid by the flames that ravaged the stricken land; picture to yourself the grand Cathedral given up to plunder, its altars desecrated, its silver coffins of emperors and empresses rent open and shared among the frantic pillagers, while the ashes they contained were scattered to the winds. Imagine all this, and you may have a faint conception of the wo that descended upon Spires. When the town was thoroughly pillaged, it was burned to the ground, only a few dwellings being suffered here and there to remain for the convenience of the troops.

‘At last, what remained of Spires was evacuated. The French

drums sounded at break of day, and before it was light the rear guard were defiling between smoking heaps of ashes on the road to join Duras. Victor had coldly bidden farewell to Hermine, with her parents, on the preceding night, and the worthy couple had retired to rest rejoicing in the speedy departure of the French. Next morning, when Hermine was called, there was no reply. Her mother hastened to her room, and presently returned, ghastly pale, with a paper quivering in her hand. The poor woman could not read, nevertheless the truth was legible in her countenance. Her husband, with a wild imprecation, snatched the paper from her hand, and read as follows :

‘‘TO MY FATHER : I am writing on my knees. Would to God I dared look in your face and tell you what I dare only write. Father, I am going with Victor : he loves me, oh ! so dearly, and he will make me his wife the moment he arrives in Paris. I am doing wrong, father, I know it—pray God to forgive me. God bless you and mother. I may never see you more.

HERMINE.’

‘No mortal knows—no mortal tongue can tell—the grief with which those desolate hearts were wrung, when the simple lines fell from old Hermann’s unsteady grasp. Fortunately, however, the wildest wo—and such must theirs have been—is soonest stilled by physical exhaustion ; and, unlike tearless grief, it seldom kills. The bereaved parents withdrew from the desolate city ; old Margaret was hospitably received by condoling relatives in a village twenty miles distant, and her husband set out on the errand of his life—to find his child, and to execute vengeance on the betrayer.

‘Summer had passed, and autumn ; it was the winter of another year. In a little tavern at Steendorp on the Scheldt sat a company of Flemish boors. Such conversation as passed between them related wholly to the French and to their expected defeat at the hands of William of England ; but it was listened to with avidity by a wild-eyed, haggard old man, who had been seated for many minutes at a beer-stained table near the group.

‘‘May God’s curse wither them !’’ exclaimed one of the men, dashing his empty mug upon the board ; ‘and above all, the leader of the gang that marched off this morning. By the cross I swear ! had that poor pretty one but arrived before the villain was away, he had never drawn his sword again, e’en though I had danced i’ the air for stabbing him !’

‘‘What villain ? What girl ?’’ shouted Hermann, grasping the peasant by his shoulder. ‘Speak ! is it my daughter ?’

‘‘Your daughter, master ? faith I know not ; but there came this

morning, a few hours after the French were gone, a woman — nay, a girl — with a baby at her breast. She asked, kind o' wild-like, for the commandant, and when she heard that the troops had gone, she fainted right away, and ——'

'Where is she? For God's sake tell me where?'

'The peasant pointed to the stair-case by the clock. 'Dame Greth carried her up there.' And before his words were cold, old Hermann had darted to the landing. A door stood partly open before him; entering which, with sudden gentleness, the unhappy father stood next moment by the bed-side of Hermine.

'The kindly Flemish hostess, who was watching the death-like slumber in which both mother and child were buried, turned in surprise at the unbidden entrance of a stranger. One glance sufficed for Hermann, who, sobbing, 'Thank God! it is my daughter!' fell with his arms about her neck. She awoke, with the startled cry of Victor! on her lips; a cry to which her infant's wail and the gray-haired wanderer's sobs were the sole response. At last she recognized him; and told him, shuddering, how she had been betrayed. Part of her hapless story you already know; the rest is simple as that part. Her very innocence of evil had helped to consummate her ruin. Fascinated by the wiles of the heartless gallant, she had been induced to conceal from her parents the love she bore him, while he held out the promise of marriage, to be fulfilled before he marched from Spires. At last, on the very eve of departure, he bade her prepare to accompany him unwedded, but renewed his solemn vows of lawful union, which should be consummated he protested, within a month. No time was allowed her for reflection, and love prevailed over the sense of wrong. She fled with him, as you have heard; was petted and caressed for a season; then deserted with her new-born babe. In a state approaching to delirium she had followed for weeks the foot-steps of the army, until found by the father in the little Steendorp tavern, within whose walls the poor crushed violet was doomed to fade away.

'In the green church-yard at Steendorp you may see the grave where Hermine rests. Her stricken parent, abandoning the pursuit of De ——, who perished miserably a few years later, in one of Luxemburg's engagements, bore his infant grandson back to Spires, where, in due time, he grew to man's estate, and inherited the ancient mansion of the parents of Hermine. He also, had an only daughter, whom he saw married, somewhat more than one hundred years ago, to a worthy burgher of the town; and the grandchild of this couple saw the light in April, 1780. His name is Anton Hagedorn.

'When Custine occupied Spires, this lad was in his sixteenth year. The old house had passed into the possession of his parents, and a tra-

dition, pointing it out as the head-quarters of De — in 1689, caused Custine's lieutenant to select it as his own, thus once more securing its exemption from the ruin which again befell the town. What you have heard of the history of Hermine had been handed down from generation to generation, and her remembrance was especially treasured by the singular, melancholic boy who is now her sole remaining representative on earth. The story came to the ears of General d'Aubeville, whom it interested deeply, and who offered young Anton a cornetcy in his own regiment. Although physically timid, the boy accepted in despite of his parent's entreaties; for here was an opportunity of fulfilling the cherished wish of his heart — to visit the country of De —, and to stand beside the grave of Hermine. He therefore gladly followed d'Aubeville into Flanders, but it soon became evident that he was unsuited for military life. His patron, however, had become strongly attached to the youth; and one day introduced him, with a sketch of his history, to the First Consul, then just rising into power. Napoleon, who discerned at a glance the precise value of the shy young German, made him one of his secretaries, and afterward sent him with Joseph into Spain. When your heaven-born Wellington had driven the French King back across the Pyrenees, Hagedorn was employed by Bonaparte, whom he loved with that unquenchable enthusiasm which the Emperor well knew how to inspire, in a position of distinguished trust at Paris. After 1815, the Bourbons would have retained him in their service, but he preferred to withdraw, with the few thousand francs which he had saved, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, to his native town. The small inheritance bequeathed him by his parents had been narrowed down, he found, in the hands of administrators, to the ancient house around which my story clusters; and in order to eke out his means of livelihood, the ex-Minister of Napoleon converted it into a hotel, to which he gave the name of the little Flemish tavern where Hermine had been found.'

Nothing but the sighing of the wind and the rustling of the fallen leaves as it chased them around the garden, was heard for many minutes after T — had ceased. Even Louise was saddened by the simple story of lost Hermine. At last we rose, and pushed our way through the crackling leaves toward the town.

And now, shall I tell you how Winter gradually drew his snowy mantle over us; how Christmas came, and San' Niklaus; how we had the biggest tree in all the town, and mistletoe — ay, genuine mistletoe, with all its accompanying and hitherto unheard-of privileges, all over the merry room; how T — and I taught Louise to skate upon the Speyerbach; and — eh? you think not now? another time? Very well, another time!

THE LITTLE STREET-SWEEPER.

Out through the drifted snow,
Out ere the Day doth glow
Between his bars of gold, and o'er the earth doth fling
His amber shafts, or ere the city's voices ring
Along the paths of trade:
Out from a wretched shed,
Out from her strawy bed
Creepeth a child, with weary look and sad.

Along a squalid street,
With bare and bruised feet,
Into a square begirt with dome and parapet,
And church with fretted towers firm set
Against the lofty sky:
With bruised feet and bare,
Through the dun morning air
Stealeth that child, with wet and sunken eye.

The Sun now leads the Day
Upon his orient way,
And touched with fire are Christian town and fane;
And well-fed Life rushes with might and main,
Joyous and proud and strong:
Yet still beside the mart,
With sad and sinking heart,
Stealeth that child her weary way along.

A path across the street,
Where roads of traffic meet:
And Trade and Fashion now do surge and sweep
Across the jostling path her cold, thin fingers keep
For horse and coach and dray:
Pass, pass, pass; sweep, sweep, sweep:
How hard it is to keep
For heedless, thankless Thrift and Pride a way!

A piteous prayer and cry
To every passer-by!
And yet the gilded coach goes flashing on
Flinging rich odors through the hurrying town,
Hurrying so fast away;
And still that cry is there —
Spare me from hunger, spare,
And from your gains and pride one moment stay.

There is a path that lies
 From earth into the skies:
 Across empyrean heights and pinnacles that glow
 With endless light that angel fingers sow —
 With pearl and gold do sow —
 And yet with garments mean
 The low-born NAZARENE,
 Opened that path for us by toil and shame and wo.

Ye, who that path would climb
 To heavenly gates sublime,
 To streets unswept whose doméd towers do raise
 Their lofty heads, where choired anthems praise
 That CHILD of lowly birth:
 Think as ye cross the street,
 Think, as that cry ye meet,
 The path that ends in heaven begins on earth.

PADLOCKS DISREGARDED.

BOB RIVERS, beside being an intimate friend of mine, is one of the astutest agents in the pay of the United States Post-Office Department. He is one of those diplomatists of civil life who manifest as much interest, and take as much delight, in the concoction of a detective scheme or the unravelment of a mysterious fraud, as a Metternich in the formation of a vast alliance, or a Narbonne in discovering the inmost secrets of some Imperial Cabinet. Rivers, in fact, is a consummate schemer; (he is of Scotch descent;) he revels in intrigue; he rubs his hands and inwardly exults at the prospect of a labyrinthine chase; he sits down to elaborate a plan of discovery with all the gusto of an epicure placed before a dinner prepared under the auspices of a pupil of the late lamented Soyer. He has considerable power of combination, an unfailing memory, a piercing eye, (I have always believed his spectacles to be a subterfuge, but he has never admitted as much,) a sharp, clear, home-thrusting wit; in a word, he is a man who, born under other circumstances, would have become famous as a politician or great as a watchful envoy. Venice would have sent him to Madrid; Richelieu to Vienna; but in these United States, and on the shady side of the nineteenth century, he is simply a detective officer.

His powers are not prodigally wasted by the Department. Only a great robbery, a flagrant embezzlement, calls him forth from his elegant retreat in Roxbury; and I verily believe that he would throw up his office, lucrative as it is, were he called upon to track the purloiner of

a paltry dozen or two of letters only. But when an entire mail is missing, or a thousand-dollar check is snagged on its passage from one city to another, a swift message flashes from Washington down to Bob's abode, and his eyes lighten as he stretches at arm's length the long, thin strip of paper that conveys his story and instructions. In a few moments he is at work. He very rarely fails. Coiling and doubling and burrowing, and disappearing for a brief space, he bursts on a sudden to the surface of publicity, holding up malefactor and mail-bags in triumph to the light. I have a deep respect for Bob Rivers.

Not long since, a great and mysterious robbery was discovered. Not one, but several mail-bags had been abstracted, and the adroit perpetrator had completely covered up his trail. Down came a dispatch from Washington, and next morning Bob was on the scent. It is needless to recount his machinations, which, suffice it to say, resulted, as usual, in the detection and capture of the thief. Part of the rifled mails were also recovered, and these, on the apprehension of the villain, passed provisionally into Rivers' custody, the duty of discovering their addresses devolving upon him.

Now, my friend, although a public official, has the usual amount of inquisitiveness in his phrenological development, and a pile of opened letters is, I have long been aware, a sore temptation to him.—By the way, there are accounts afloat of individuals who have seen and conversed with clerks of the Dead Letter Office. This, I have no hesitation in saying, is a monstrous imposition; the work of the Dead Letter Office is done by machinery; fleshless hands unfold the written sheets; automatic eyes ascertain the direction and contents; iron attendants, superintended by a corps of deaf-mute officers, perform the incrimination of those letters which cannot be returned to the writers; for if it were not so, would not all the secrets of our neighbors be blazoned to the world? A staff of flesh-and-blood examiners, who merely glance at the date and signature of a letter, and leave the rest unread? A living man, who can lay down a perfumed sheet of tiny cream-laid without a glance at the passionate words that are congealed so sadly there — the idea is chimerical, preposterous, absurd. Oh! no: they have automata at work in the Dead Letter Office! — But I was speaking of Bob Rivers. I have always had my suspicions that he did not forbear acquainting himself, occasionally, with the contents of recaptured and opened letters; and I therefore shrewdly guessed at his intention, when I received a note from him, a day or two after the mail-robber's apprehension, inviting me to his official room 'on especial business.' Arriving punctually, as is my wont, I found the radiant detective surrounded by piles of letters, sorted, apparently, according to some system, and, for the most part, open. Such as had contained

money, I learned, had been rifled; the remainder tossed aside as valueless. It was Rivers' business to ascertain the number of letters remaining, as well as to forward them to their addresses: 'And now,' he continued, 'what say you: shall we devote an evening to epistolary literature?'

I was startled at the proposition, although it was not unexpected, and, being rather of a cautious disposition, and given to timidity, I objected.

'Bless me!' exclaimed my friend, 'it is in the way of business: the letters must be examined; and if we read two lines, more or less, what is the difference?'

In short, I was easily persuaded to follow my own inclination; and I sat down, after a faint but decent struggle, to look into other people's hearts. I make the confession in a contrite spirit, and pray that no letter of mine may ever turn up from a missing mail-bag.

Rivers, with his usual business-like tact — what a wonderful head that man has for business! — suggested that we should select one of the piles to commence upon, instead of looking at a dozen letters indiscriminately; and handing me a number of envelopes inclosed in a brown paper wrapper, begged me to open the first, remarking that, as all the letters came from the post-office at —, we should probably obtain, by this plan, a complete miniature of the charming little village. As I took from the heap a somewhat bulky letter, my official friend removed his mild and deceptive spectacles, and lit a fresh segar. His last injunctions were that I should read aloud and distinctly.

I commenced. The letter was dated from a secluded village in Vermont, and appeared to be written by a clergyman settled there, to his class-mate in New-York. I took a copy, and reprint it here, as follows:

'In the seven years that have elapsed, dear friend, since you and I for the last time joined our hands upon the green at N —, I think only once has either of us departed from our resolve of interchanging twice annually our thoughts and experiences. But is it not strange that a distance which is measurable by hours, should have proved no less effectual a barrier between us than an ocean or a Cordillera? The whizzing murmur, now reaching me across the stream, proceeds from the same swift wheels that will have come to rest, before another dawn, within a few yards of your dwelling. This very letter, which I am about intrusting to that beneficent conspiracy we call the Post-Office, will reach your door while the pavement is yet uncrowded to-morrow morning. The cloud that passes over you at noon, will hang above my dwelling before the sun begins to cover his decline in gorgeousness: and yet that hand-grip, in which our separating hearts em-

braced each other, seven years ago, has never been renewed. All this, you will say, (I doubt not) is in my 'usual idle vein;' and you will blame the unpracticality of your friend, in seeing this actual proximity to yourself, while he neglects to avail himself of the advantage. You will be right: yet the consciousness of this fact shall not the more interfere with my blessed privilege of communing with you, unrestrainedly as the forest-smoke, to which you once compared my epistolary dreams!

'Do you know — but you, poor *cittadini*, men of the granite pavement and eddying street, can never know — how rapidly this habit of letting the thoughts unconsciously meander upon paper grows upon one in the noiseless country? With us the very atmosphere is meditative; the sky itself, unbroken in its awful curves, appears to brood unceasingly upon some thought we may not fathom, and all that varied yet so simple panorama we designate as Nature, is wrapped all day, all night, for years, for centuries, in hidden and inscrutable communings with an unseen mind. Man thinks in the country: in the city he only calculates. The salient features that exist here to arrest the eye or the attention are so few, that each is made the subject of study profound as it is unconscious. It becomes a matter of importance to decide whether that tree, far off upon the hill-side, is really a maple or an elm: you are not satisfied, until you have tracked the stealthy brooklet in the hollow, and learned whether it really curves at the foot of that Indian mound with two poplars on its brow, or whether it continues its course without indulging in a bend. You feel dimly uncomfortable until you have studied every granite block in the fence that crenulates the hill-top, and you cannot rest until your own eyes have counted the crimson farm-buildings glowing amid the hazy green of the valley nestled at your feet.

'This concentration of our observant faculties leads, moreover, to a corresponding development of the meditative tendency. We are so much alone! How great a secret is unfolded in those few words! We do not interchange ideas, here in the shadow of these melancholy pine-vaults, we silently evolve them; and they simmer in our brains, or lie quietly hidden, it would be hard to say in what part of our intellectual system, until pen and ink and paper are conjoined, the electrical circuit is complete, and they stream from their lurking-places down to the innocent sheet as a swarm of ants, imprisoned, in my garden yonder, within a magic circle of pitch or tar, will hurry over a straw that some one charitably interposes as a bridge! And truly, now are my thoughts hurrying and scrambling pell-mell from their prison-house! Never was beleaguered garrison of ants more eager; and yet, when the dull and dreary weekly duty of sermonizing returns, how difficult it is to coax an idea from its den!

‘A country clergyman, dear friend, must differ no less widely from his urban brethren than the city from the country mouse! I fancy you — so often! — your natural vivacity rendered keener by perpetual attrition, your duties so manifold and yet so well defined, your means of obtaining information so extended, your interchange of ideas so unceasing, and I look upon you unavoidably as one who, starting from the same point with myself in the race, has girded up his loins to the journey, and steadfastly pursues his course upon the highway, fixing his eye upon no other thing than the passengers upon the dusty path, and the distant beacon-light; while I have strayed into the bordering meadows, and dallied in the pleasant shade of whispering forests, and cooled my feet in the prattling waters of the brooks. *Per aspera ad astra* you sternly pass, while I have followed but circuituously the path from which an impalpable magnetism forbids my wandering too far. But I think I am the happiest! Although my nature is not such as authorizes the choice I made, this sacerdotal office has grown, like a child, insensibly, most dear to me. I see the influences now that have so often converted soldiers into the austere priests; and a little hope begins to glimmer, at the end of a long perspective, that one day I may attain the heart religion, which I should possess, instead of purity of morals only, and religion of the head.

‘It is well that my lot was cast in seclusion such as this. The absence of all excitement, the presence of every influence that turns thought inward to analyze itself, and covers with so deep a rust the more delicate emotions and the terrible because imprisoned passions, have coöperated to sheathe me in an external impassivity that passes with the world for holy calm. The days flow over me like the waves upon the beaches of a deserted shore; their impression is made, but it is unnoticed, and the sound of the retiring waters is unheard as that of the contending billows in their passionate endeavors to rush upon the strand. My weekly round of exercise and duty is such as a dozen times within half as many years I have described to you: the same professional but now not quite so wearisome visits to the ‘members of my flock;’ the same monotonous and vapid pietism with the respectable but tedious females and argumentative farmers who compose my congregation; the same hebdomadal abasement of myself in preaching, with warm lips, but with a heart that no ardor kindles, words which I know, but cannot feel, to contain the wonderful, the overpowering essence of the Christian faith, and the same recurring happiness in resting in the evening, with my eyes fixed upon the fiery West, while the sun’s vague after-glow lights up the broad horizon in purple splendor, and I gather from the glories of the widowed sky material for thought and dreams!

H. E.’

It was with a protracted breath of relief that I concluded this long-drawn epistle, which, I confess, did not please me much ; but Rivers compelled me to peruse it thoroughly. I waited for his comments.

‘A somewhat curious character,’ he said at length, ‘for a New-England minister ! Evidently one of those men who, although endowed with most delicate and sensitive organizations, adapt themselves unconsciously to the circumstances in which they may be placed. If he had been born a shoemaker, you would find him handling the awl and brads as cleverly as the best workman in Lynn or Natick !’

As I laid aside the confessions of ‘H. E.,’ I took from the parcel another letter, which was addressed in a dashing yet tremulous hand to a Mrs. —, in New-York. Especial and almost ostentatious care had been used to obtain a perfect impression of the seal, which had been spared by the mail-robber in opening the letter. Yet, on removing the contents from the envelope, I found them to consist in a single slip of note-paper, crumpled and soiled, with a few lines the signature to which was identical with the direction of the envelope. They were evidently being returned without comment. I read as follows :

‘New-York, —, 1858.

‘MY HUSBAND : I dare not call you ‘dear,’ as once — my pen refuses to write the word which my lips, my sullied lips have so often uttered, which you have so often claimed, which I, when we were happy. . . . Husband ! From the depths of unutterable misery and horrible disgrace, I venture still to look up to your forgiving soul. . . . Oh ! if there is mercy for me in this world, if there is hope in another, if eternal perdition is not to be anticipated while I live on earth, pardon me, pardon your wife ! Dear husband ! — yes, as I write, the power to call you so comes back — for the sake of the love that once made life golden to us, that taught us to forget the name of grief ; for the sake of our marriage, happier than happiness, of our whispered fancies, of the kisses that sealed our lips and the embrace that drew me to your heart ; for the sake of God and His promised mercy, forgive me my transgression ! Oh ! by the holiest oath — by the awful sanctity of the vow I have outraged — I swear that I knew not how I was beguiled ! Beguiled to shame and flight : I, who would have kissed — who would now kiss — the dust you tread on, who would kneel before your image, who would be your foot-stool, O my husband !

‘It was in a horrible, hateful, unnatural dream that I was stolen from myself, that I listened to the tempter’s voice, that I construed your unexplained absence into deceit and wrong : and I am here, betrayed, abandoned, wrecked, spurned, trodden under foot, with a brain that is seething and bursting with its wo and wickedness and

wrongful misery, and a heart that lies shrivelled and seared in the bosom that has been all your own! And you, my husband! whom I have so foully abused, so irreparably injured, do I still venture to address you? Yes: for a subtle feeling tells me I am not wholly bad; tells me that the love I bore you, and pledged to you at the altar, is burning still, if dimmed by madness for a moment. Save me, then, save me from the nameless horror that engulfs me: rescue me from the vortex of perdition that gapes so blackly at my feet, clasp me in your arms, my husband, and let my error be forgotten in the wild pulsation of a forgiving kiss! O God! I rave! a kiss upon *my* lips! Mine, that have stamped my husband's wo upon the cheek of another! And those walls . . . how frightfully they stare at me, as I look upon them in my idle searching for comfort or relief! . . . And yet, when I conjure up your features, my anguish lessens, your vision comes upon me, and never without a smile, as in the old time, before you went away. O Heaven! I *know* that this betides forgiveness, and . . . or can the phantom of repentance, of pardon, of love, of happiness, of peace be sent by demons, to torture me, or by Heaven, to mock? No: there is hope: I will hope — and you will forgive!’

With these wild words the letter ended — the letter which an unforgiving husband had returned without reply, but which never reached her to whom it was addressed. What became of her? Ask the lunatic-asylum, or the barren cemetery, or the dark, cold, sullen waters about the piers of New-York. The nameless woman — what was her fate?

These were our reflections: but we said nothing.

A number of letters were next passed in review. Orders from country merchants for sheetings and denims and sugars and fine-cut, speedily thrown aside; greetings from mothers and sisters to brothers and fathers in the city — very precious, doubtless, to the intended recipients, but uninteresting enough to the actual readers; duns from long-suffering creditors, and wheedling, procrastinating notes from backward debtors; ill-spelt love-letters and cautiously-worded legal notices, till at length we once more lit upon something promising. It was addressed to a lady in Providence, R. I., and began:

‘MY DEAREST SISTER: You have, I am sure, already more than once accused me of selfishness, in writing you so seldom, and only when I am in need of sympathy or advice; but my duties (I am still the only medical man here) are so extensive, that I have little time for correspondence, even with yourself. But there are times when the heart must share its emotions with another, or burst with the impetuosity of its own pulsations; and to whom, in my solitude, can I recur, when I feel this necessity, if not to the sister who alone can truly share

my joy or my sorrow? Yes, to you, dearest Anna, I must open my heart this night. From you only can I expect, if not relief, at least a ready sympathy.

‘Can you wonder if, in the years of loneliness that I have lived through here, I have sometimes looked forward with exquisite anticipation to the day when, with increasing means, a pure love should come to bear me company, and to sustain me in my conflicts with the world? Hope — the only luxury of the poor man — has enlivened the tangled web of my thoughts with vivid paintings of bliss to come; and now that it is here before me, I find it only misery, because it is so prematurely sweet! Yes! at length I have felt that dread, gigantic intuition which impels the soul, etherealized in one single vast pulsation, far, far beyond the limits of earth and sky, into the most secret, unspeakable abiding-places of the principle of life! To say, I love! To feel the mighty sound reverberating through one’s dazzled heart — this, indeed, is life at length. And yet how coldly, I can fancy, will you read these words! To your perceptions, they will be no more than the pallid night-cloud is to the southern sailor, which yet to him whose eyes are tutored, is a visible and awful flame of constellated suns! Suns! what are their fires to the terrible intensity which can be flashed forth in those two little words; and yet I have transfigured no one with the sound! The trees have heard it, and echoed my burning words in whispers, as they stretched out to one another their mysterious arms; the stream has leapt up in my face, and has snatched the unspoken sentence from my lips; the wind has mingled for a moment with my breath, and then swept by to shout the tidings to the sea; it burns in my veins, it glows upon my forehead; but on *her* ear the declaration has never fallen, nor shall fall.

‘A few words will suffice to tell you of my foolish passion, so incompatible with my duties and my resources. Three months ago the brother of Deacon —, my nearest neighbor, died suddenly, leaving but one daughter, and she scantily provided for. He was a widower, and the Deacon at once brought his orphan niece to his own home, where, as she was rendered unwell by over-watching, I was at once called to visit her. Fancy a girl of eighteen, of a quiet and retiring nature, whom you would call good-looking, but no one beside myself beautiful. I was at once struck by her superior intelligence, and by the modesty of her demeanor. In the midst of that coarse, honest, farming household she sat, like a little thread of gold ennobling a Californian pebble, and toning down rather than saddening by her mourning garb her rustic relatives into a degree of quiet almost approaching refinement. She was introduced to me, and I touched her hand — a slight ceremonial contact which then I scarcely heeded, but the mental repetition of which is now my supremest joy. To be brief,

you know how sedulously I shunned at college the society of women ; studying deeply, I knew nothing of the sex ; and my emulation of St. Anthony, voluntary at that time, has become compulsory since my arrival here. The raw-boned, red-armed, vigorous young women of this region literally disgusted me at the outset, and there are no others for twenty miles around. It was, therefore, with some such feelings as a naturalist experiences on meeting with some novel specimen, that I looked on my new patient. What, I asked myself, are the thoughts, what the occupation, of an intelligent, tolerably-educated, pure-minded girl ? Has she, indeed, thoughts and an intellect, or merely instinct and inspiration ? These, and a hundred other questions I asked myself and determined upon solving. Laying my treatises aside, therefore, I addressed myself to the study of Louise. As a patient, and after her complete recovery of health, as so near a neighbor, I saw her frequently, and frequently alone. Louise ! Louise ! To you, my only sister, I may confess what no other mortal should ever know, that I have kissed those simple letters a hundred times before the ink had ceased to shine ! As I have said, she became my study, and study insensibly led me into wild but governable love. Do not ask me to describe her person, for I should fail, and I have told you she is not beautiful, except to me. Her features, indeed, are regular and delicate, her complexion clear, and her smile — oh ! intoxicating recollection ! — softer and more penetrating in its sweetness than the radiance of an August moon ! With her eyes you would find fault, and criticise their heavy lustrousness, but gaze on them, attempt to fathom them, and you would discover worlds more precious than ever Alexander wept for or Columbus sought. Oh ! I could lie a whole eternity and gaze into those twin oceans of inexhaustible tenderness and unawakened love, whence one's own diminished and spiritualized reflection looks out, as the maidens of Undine are fabled to gleam forth from the surface of the eager river, luring irresistibly on to their intangible embraces and to unheeded death. I only saw them once — a little while ago — as I leant over her chair ostensibly for the purpose of looking at a volume which lay before her, but in reality, to enjoy for a moment the fierce voluptuousness of approaching, almost touching, her cold, still cheek, and the mingling of her breath with mine. She turned suddenly, and our eyes melted for a moment into each other, then dropped, mine blinded by the fiery struggle which rent me inwardly while I stood and calmly answered the trivial question which she asked me at the same moment. But that moment separated me from her. I felt that the muscles of my will had been stretched to their utmost tension in successfully resisting the impulse to throw myself before her, and I knew that in a second trial they would prove unequal to the task ; I therefore trod upon my passion from that mo-

ment, and have fled her presence ever since. But how shall I endure this miserable life — this wretched, crushing poverty? For that it is which bars me from the epitome of all I esteem precious, which binds me to the dull formulas of an arid life, lacerating my soul, and rending my intellect with agony. Cruelty it would be, and not love, to invite another to share that slender pittance which barely leaves a surplus to the support of one, and to condemn her for whom I would willingly sacrifice all things on earth and almost in heaven to the protracted misery of mean and sordid cares for bread. No! I could share a kingdom with her, but not a crust! I could rejoice to starve, that she might be supplied with luxury, but never see her transformed for me into the care-worn housewife and the calculating, wrinkled mother. A mother, and I a father! The very thought has filled me with a strange, impalpable, sad, intoxicating delight. But I can think of her only as she sat in maidenly reserve and quietude, only as the Catholic can think of the Mother of his Lord — so sweetly submissive, so soberly intelligent, so graceful, so beautiful, so pure! But I must dismiss the image from my bosom; she must live in my thoughts no longer. — Pardon me, my sister, these incoherent rhapsodies, but I could not have existed without pouring my tumultuous feelings either into your ear or into hers. Have I not done right in making your calmly-reasoning mind the depositary? Do not, however, be alarmed; I shall see her no more, at least no more alone. Her memory will remain with me, to gild the vague horizon of my life; and while I am left to breathe my whispers to the purple clouds, the sun that I have worshipped passes on to gladden happier eyes. It is fate. L'

The old, old story, love flying from the sordidness of poverty, not vanquished, but discomfited! Rivers said: 'I pity L ——'s patients during the next six months! 'T will be lucky for them if he does n't give his calomel to consumptives, and kill off his fever cases with double doses of quinine. And, very likely, the girl who has set him a-dreaming — pass me a segar, Will — has as little of the genuine about her as this vile imitation has of a true Havana. Go on, however, take the next letter in the pile.'

I obeyed mechanically, and found it addressed in a feminine hand, to a Miss ——, of ——. A hopeful suspicion suddenly darted across my mind, and on opening the letter, I found it completely verified: for the signature was Louise Wentworth! 'Hurra!' I shouted; 'let Miss Louise speak for herself,' and so commenced. The letter ran:*

'MY DEAREST JANE: Such an age as it is since you have written to me! I do declare I have almost cried with vexation every time I've

* In copying this letter for the press, I have taken the liberty of adding occasionally the luxury of punctuation to its periods, and of making one or two orthographic changes.

been down to the post-office for the last three days. A whole week and no letter; but I won't scold you, for want of room, I've so *much* to tell you! I am having such a delightful time here; and I do think it's the prettiest place I ever was in in all the world. You can't imagine! There are hills, and a brook — oh! such a beautiful brook — and trees all about the houses, looking in at the very windows for all the world as if they were alive; and only think if there actually was such things as those metamorphoses we used to read about last winter at the Academy — do n't you remember? — and how glorious it would be for elopements, if any body wanted to elope, because you see the trees would do just as well as a rope-ladder, and quite as romantic, I am sure, only one would be liable to get scratched going down; and then, there are such exquisite woods — oh! I'm sure you never saw any thing like it in all your life. But I do n't like the folks much — of course my uncle's people are excepted — but the rest are so stupid, all except one. Who do you suppose he is? Now you need n't laugh and shake your head, or I shan't tell you a word about him; but he's in love with me! There now! This is the only thing that I ever kept secret from my dearest, dearest Jane; but I have n't told you about it, because I was n't quite certain; however, it's the Doctor! You know when I got here after my poor dear father died, I told you he prescribed for me, and was so very attentive. Well, I thought he was very stiff and disagreeable, and not half so pleasant as Mr. Briggs who used to be over to Little Falls; but he used to come in pretty often after that; and I soon saw he liked to talk to me best. And if you could only hear him talk! He knows three-quarters of every thing, I do believe; and he makes such grand speeches when he talks to me, that really it's quite annoying, you know. He used to see us pretty often for a long while before I suspected that he thought any thing of me; because you see he's such a learned man, and so kind of old-fashioned, you would n't think he would ever want to marry any body, much less a silly girl like you or me. But one day Aunt Abby says to me: 'Louise, the Doctor has got his eye on you — do you know it?' 'No,' said I, 'and I don't believe it.' But aunt she stuck to it he was dead in love with me, and too bashful to say so. And since then I've noticed, and I do believe she's right. O Jane! if you could see him! He's got such beautiful hair and eyes — oh! they're black as jet — and his eyes so large you can't think; and his mouth so small and pretty, and so are his hands; that's where he beats Mr. Briggs. But do you know who I think he's like? Do n't you know Charley Sanford who was over at the Academy last winter, and took us two girls out for a sleigh-ride down by the Mills, and tipped us over into a snow-bank head over heels, and almost died of laughing, hauling us out again? Well, I do think he's like the Doctor, only not so pretty, and

his voice was n't half so soft ; but I was reminded of him the other day. I never like to say much, you know, when *he* comes to the house, because he knows so much, and I so little ; but I do admire to hear him talk above all things. And he lends me books, and so did Charley Sanford, but I did n't like Charley's, though I read them half-a-dozen times. Do n't you remember that one about the young fellow in England who was supposed to be the son of his father, only he was n't ; no, that was n't it, but he was some body else's son, and he married a girl called Sophy Western ? What was the book's name ? Well, the Doctor lends me all sorts of books, instructive ones, and novels — I like *them* best of course — and I get him to talk about them ; and he makes every thing so plain, and I only have to say yes or no. Well, one day lately I was sitting reading a most beautiful book — I forget what it was now — and *he* was talking to uncle about the influenza ; and when he got through, he came up behind my chair and read over my shoulder. It was a love-story, and so pretty ; and just as he stooped down, his whiskers ruffled my bandeaux, (you know I do my hair that way now, the same as Amelia Floyd,) and I felt such a thrill go all over me — oh ! it was just like what you feel when you eat ice-cream on a hot day ; and just in the very book I was reading — was n't it funny ? — it said that when people are in love they always thrill that way, and though I was n't in love, I thought he might have thrilled the same ; and so I turned round, pretending I wanted to ask him something, and our eyes met, and he dropped his right away ; but I saw them one moment, and they almost burnt me up ! Oh ! it was like looking at one of those furnaces in Little Falls, or a flash of lightning, and so I knew he loved me. But he said not a word, although there was n't any body in the room ; and would you believe it, he has only been to see us once since, and that was a week ago yesterday. But what he can see in me, I can't think, though Charley Sanford did tell Amelia Floyd I was the best girl he ever clapped eyes on — that's just what he said — and it made Amelia as mad as any thing, but then I can't help it, you know ; and want you to keep this the *profoundest* secret, and not tell *any body any thing* about it, except Amelia and Carrie Jordan, and they must n't say any thing for the world. Oh ! do you suppose he will ask me to marry him ! I should admire to be a doctor's wife — should n't you ? — but then he's so much better and greater than I am ; but if he does propose, I will try and improve, and I am sure I shall love him dearly. But I have got to go away next week, and I do hope he will speak out first ! Now mind you do n't say any thing about it. Won't it make Amelia jealous ! Write *immediately*, or I shall go frantic.

'Yours, dearest, ever,

'LOUISE WENTWORTH.

‘Brava!’ chuckled Rivers as I concluded; ‘just as I expected! I knew the girl’s character from that spooney’s own description. But she’s a good girl, and perhaps would make a better wife than the sentimental pattern of all that’s elevated he takes her to be. Go on!’

I continued to examine the packages, and read aloud numerous other letters — rich, greasy missives from favorite pastors, stuffed with mild and appropriate texts, and redolent of disinterested counsel; business-like epistles from forgers and card-sharpers — many a hint, by the way, was gathered by the police department from that opened mail; love-letters from sentimental damsels in Manchester and Lowell; business-orders, reports of agents, letters upon every topic between male and female correspondents; spiritualistic replies to the queries of arrant greenhorns; dispatches from quack-doctors, school-boys, Congressmen, lawyers, in a word, epistolary representatives of almost every class and subdivision of society. As the Editor of this Magazine, moreover, has solemnly engaged not to divulge my name, I feel perfectly secure, and, although naturally of a timid disposition, do not hesitate to publish this intercepted correspondence

MY WIFE.

SHE lies asleep close at my side,
Her soft cheek pillowed on her arm;
And where her raven locks divide,
I kiss her forehead, smooth and warm.

A flush of roses on her cheek,
Upon her lips a budding bloom;
And through them her soft breathings break,
Like zephyrs laden with perfume.

How still she lies — for scarcely stirs
The baby-life within her breast:
Who would not have such peace as hers —
Sweet slumber, and the heart at rest?

And when she wakes to me again —
And with that waking mornings rise —
How eagerly I’ll watch, to claim
The opening splendor of her eyes!

Sleep, O my queen! the lion Fear
Watches forever at thy side,
To guard from danger treasures dear,
And claim from sleep again a bride.

F I J I A N D T H E F I J I A N S . *

‘Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast.’—HOOD.

‘UND Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen
In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.’—GOETHE.

READER, these are our old friends the Feejee Islanders, only slightly disguised in new spelling, in whose behalf several years ago we used to hear the most urgent missionary sermons, and to speed the Gospel to whom we used to give our money and our prayers. They are the very hideous savages whom we deemed it disgraceful to have living on the same planet with Christian men, and for whom we felt that the power of God and the courage of His missionaries were specially needed. The South Sea was as bad in our imagination as the British Isles were to old Byzantine historians, what time the transplanted Roman world lived a drooping but splendid life in the city of the Levant. Cloudy darkness hung over that least intellectual and most ferocious of pandemoniums; whirlpools and pirates combined to make the riotous waters of the ocean-archipelago terrible to mariners; and the scattered islets were covered with monsters, greedy for human blood, in whom total depravity raged in all its purity without a hindrance. The Fijians occupy a group of islands near the centre of the ‘grand ocean,’ and are perhaps the most heroically base of all the descendants of Adam. It may be well for persons who are so exceedingly civilized as ourselves to make a short study of exceeding savagery, and to briefly review the ancient virtues, the modern improvements, and the supposable future destiny of a people who have nothing in common with us but the essential elements of humanity.

The Fiji group, situated more than 15° south of the equator, and in longitude nearly opposite to the meridian of Greenwich, extends over about forty thousand square miles of the Pacific Ocean, and includes at least two hundred and twenty-five islands and islets, of which about eighty are inhabited. They form a labyrinth of coral reefs and lofty volcanic structures, and present beauties of scenery which have gained for them the name of the fairy-land of the Pacific, and which contrast most strikingly with the character of their occupants. Around the basaltic cones and needles, the sites of ancient volcanic action, which form the central summit of many of the islands, are long slopes covered

* *Fiji and the Fijians*. Vol. I. The Islands and their Inhabitants. By THOMAS WILLIAMS, late Missionary in Fiji. Edited by G. S. ROWE. London: 1858. Vol. II. Mission History. By JAMES CALVERT, late Missionary in Fiji. Edited by G. S. ROWE. London: 1858.

with luxuriant foliage, abrupt precipices, fantastic turrets of rocks, native towns on eyrie crags, deep ravines, rich vales, cocoa-nut groves, clumps of chestnuts, palms, and bananas, and a shore of wild irregularity. The vegetation is said to be unsurpassed in diversified beauty in any part of the world, and clothes the islands to their very tops, clinging to every point where a plant may possibly take root. In the ocean-field around the islands extend long lines of coral reefs, dangerous to navigation, against which the rising tide beats in mountainous surges, but which inclose lagoons, like calm lakes, along the shore. Through the transparent waters of the lagoons may be seen subaqueous vegetation, rivalling in magnificence that of the land, and guarded as if in a garden. The reefs, built up by a microscopic animal, the coral insect, and many of them being but sunken rocks, are a chief cause of peril to the navigator; but if ever a chart be made of them, they will cease to be dangerous, and be esteemed as break-waters and the walls of safe harbors. There are also atolls, or lagoon islands, the fairy rings of the ocean, which consist of a chaplet or ring of coral, inclosing a portion of the sea in its centre. They have an opening in their circuit, generally on the leeward side, through which the tide enters, and by which ships may find harbor within. No feature of the land or sea is lacking in richness of tropical beauty. The coral is of various and delicate tint and structure, purple, green, brown, pink, blue, yellow, and dazzling white; and among its branches in the limpid water may be seen fishes of the most gorgeous hues. The air is generally clear, and the climate delightful in our spring and autumn months, but oppressively hot in the months of our winter, which from the heavy gales that are frequent are called 'the hurricane months.' The whole race of fevers is unknown in Fiji.

Amid the constant rising and sinking of continents and islands, of which there is certain proof, the scientific geographer always has a secret preference, and thinks it a better augury for a country, to tend towards being the victor rather than the victim of the ocean. It is human to choose a human destiny to whatsoever prospect 'in the dreamy dells of the hollow sphere of the sea.' We would gladly picture the time,

'WHEN all the banded East at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm, even Nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange, uncouth surprise.
This pillared earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labors torn,
In thunders dread was pushed aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne:
And see, like gems, her laughing train
The little isles on every side.'

Yet the best authorities affirm that a continent probably once occu-

pieced a great part of the tropical Pacific, and that the islands which now form archipelagoes there were once mountain summits far removed from the sea, and touching the clouds. This theory is made to account for the formation of atolls. The coral animal cannot exist in the water at a greater depth than about twenty-five fathoms, or beyond the penetration of the sun's light. If therefore it began to found its reef on the submerged border of an island, and if the island was sinking, the animal would be obliged constantly to raise its wall to keep within the influence of the sun, till finally the island would have wholly disappeared, and the coral circle of a lagoon would have risen to take its place. The peak of a mountainous island sometimes remains an islet within the atoll. The Fijians have a prospect therefore of being flooded at some future period, but as geologic changes take place very slowly, there is little doubt that they will first have time to play important parts in history.

The population of the Fiji Islands is probably about one hundred and fifty thousand, though it has sometimes been estimated at twice that number. The largest island is Viti Levu, ninety miles in length by fifty in breadth, and which contains at least fifty thousand inhabitants; the second in size is Vanua Levu, more than one hundred miles long, with an average breadth of twenty-five miles, and which has a population estimated at thirty-one thousand.

The natives are physically a superior race. They exceed Europeans in average stature, and resemble them in mould of form. Their complexion is not very lucidly described by a Frenchman: 'So far as I have observed, the color of the skin is black, mixed with one eighth part of yellow, which imparts to it a clear tint of various intensity.' Dr. Pickering discovered a purplish tinge in their hue, 'particularly when contrasted in the sun-light with green foliage,' and proposed to distinguish them in natural history as 'purple men.' Cuvier, in classifying them, confessed himself at a loss whether to refer them to the Mongolian and yellow, or to the Ethiopian and black race. Their anomalous characteristics justified Dr. Pickering in making of them a distinct variety, under the name of Papuan. They are distinguished from their Polynesian neighbors by limbs and features proportioned nearly like those of Europeans; and they are distinguished from white men by their gigantic size, dark color, immense quantity of bushy woolly hair, and a peculiar hardness and harshness of the skin. They are graceful, athletic, with quick, black eyes, keen senses, acute feelings, an aptitude for feigning, cleverness in diplomacy, and a capacity to adjust means to an end, and to steadily prosecute a purpose of interest or revenge through a long concatenation of events. Dulness or imbecility forms no part in their character. Their fierceness likens them to the tiger; but they should not be compared to any

more stupid beast. If morally they almost merit to be thrust outside of the pale of humanity, yet mentally and physically they take no mean rank in the great family of men.

The Fijians are proud of their beautiful country, and refuse to give credence to unwelcome geographical truths. A missionary, who had explained to them the globe, and directed them to contrast Fiji with Asia or America says, that the feeling of humiliation and grief which it caused them was painful even to witness. 'Our land,' they said, 'is not larger than a fly-spot.' They, however, quickly recovered their energy and assurance, and pronounced the globe 'a lying ball;' and though they listen with pleasure to the reports of foreigners concerning their own countries, they receive them only as fairy-stories, comforting themselves by the belief that the white man is of course telling lies. A travelled Fijian, of whom there have recently been a few, is obliged to forget, on his return, that Fiji is not at least a formidable rival to any other national power.

Fijian society recognizes five distinctions of rank: kings, chiefs, (including priests,) distinguished warriors of low birth, common people, and slaves by war. Rank is hereditary, descending through the female, since the wives of chiefs are often of different degrees. The ceremonies of etiquette are always most punctiliously observed between persons of distinction, who therefore are not fond of meeting each other. The clapping of the hands seems to fulfil much the same office as the bow or obeisance in European courtesy. When a person has passed any thing to a chief, or received any thing from him, he completes the act by clapping his hands. The same form is observed to applaud what has been said or done; and perhaps a metaphysical antiquarian would trace back our fashion of clapping public performers, to some instinctive principle common to ourselves and the Fijians. The wringing of the hands has always and every where been one way of expressing strong emotion, and the transition is easy from wringing to clapping.

There are some contradictions between Fijian and European manners; and a philosopher might be puzzled in discussing their comparative merits. For instance, the Fijian attitude of respect is a sitting posture; the European a standing posture. While the chief is eating, every body present must sit; and when he has finished, they must clap their hands several times. There is an opportunity here for a careful analysis. The Fijian implies by sitting that he has only to keep himself quietly out of the way, and be ready to applaud the gastro-nomic or other achievements of a superior, who has no need of any service; the European implies by standing that the person to whom he shows respect is not omnipotent, and may possibly need to have a right hand put forth in his behalf. The Fijian custom belongs to a

more absolute *régime* and passive public spirit; for is not the main thought of the attendants centred upon the fact that the chief is doing something, and that when he has done it, it will be their turn to applaud? It recognizes only one person in the circle as proper either to do, to enjoy, or to suffer. The European custom, on the contrary, shows the readiness of every attendant to obey speedily the behest of the master. It recognizes one commanding will, in obedience to which every person is to act with quick devotion. As the one custom betrays the despotism of a barbarian sensualist, so the other reveals the nice organization of a society founded on the fine principles of chivalry.

Again, in Fiji the person who would cross the path of a superior, or the place where he is sitting or standing, must always pass before him, and never behind. Seamen are obliged to be especially cautious not to pass by a chief's canoe on the out-rigger side. Europeans are not thus accustomed to allow the right of precedence to the inferior. Possibly another Fiji vice may be hinted in this peculiar fashion. According to all accounts, they are remarkable for masterly duplicity and treachery. It is natural that a chief should rather have persons of such character under his eye than behind his back, and that possessing the power, he should therefore force all who approach him to keep well to the front.

One of their most curious customs is that of 'follow in falling,' the inferior always imitating his master in stumbling, falling, or any other similar accident. This is a genuine phase of the etiquette of despotism, it being implied that no mortal can resist any casualty that may befall a chief. The artificial view of the event is more important than the real, since it does not occur to the attendant to pull his master out of the quagmire, but only to pitch himself in, and thereby to prove the omnipotence of quagmires.

In architecture, in a taste for the fine arts, and in the building and management of canoes, the Fijians probably excel any other people classed by Europeans as 'savages.' Their houses have sills of the cocoa-nut, walls from four to ten feet high intertwined with reeds, and rafters of the palm-tree supporting a thatched roof which terminates in a long cocoa-nut log as a ridge-pole. Their canoes are built double, with a platform extending from one to the other, and are furnished with sails which seem to be out of all proportion to the craft. They will often carry fifty men. The native sailors, though deficient in boldness, and though abounding in superstitions concerning the 'green sea-foam,' passing over in silence certain parts of the ocean which are the haunts of spirits, are yet very expert in managing their vessels, and sail with great swiftness, interchanging jests, raileries, and merry shouts.

Perhaps few persons ever reflected that sitting in a chair, or on

any thing resembling a chair, is one of the refinements of high civilization. An elevated seat, far from being a natural and essential appendage to man, is just as artificial an institute as a cane: it is a sort of third leg, available in sitting as a cane is in walking. The Fijians have not attained to this refinement. Indeed, with their slight costume, a posture of the body marked by two well-defined right angles, would hardly be graceful. Nor do they sit in the Turkish position, with their legs crossed. Their style is probably precisely that which would be adopted by any young citizen of New-York who should go into the woods on a summer holiday, to enjoy an hour of listless Arcadian musing. They either curl their legs in front of them, toes inward and knees outward, or turn both of their bended legs a little to one side, and slightly recline on their hand, which touches the ground on the other side. A person in all the luxuriance of flowing garments fills a chair admirably, and without appearing to be stilted; but an artist would prefer to sketch a Fijian in his native posture, with his solid bust rising as if autochthonically from the soil.

A wreath-like zone, several inches wide, and scrupulously drawn about the body, is almost the only article of dress. Yet notwithstanding this simplicity in their wardrobe, they contrive to spend a great deal of time about their toilet. Their abundant hair claims the first attention of all classes, and the barbers are among the most important personages on the islands. The barber's office is one of the highest dignity, and his hands are sacred: he is not permitted to use them in any other employment, or even to feed himself. Heaths and forests do not present greater diversities than the various styles in which the Fijian bushy heads are done up. All the force and versatility of their genius is expended upon their *coiffures*, which are expanded till they often measure four or five feet in circumference. They are painted black, blue, white, or bright red; the last being the favorite color of young persons, and they generally assume regular and almost geometrical outlines. They are spherical, pyramidal, conical, or square, or present these figures in manifold combinations. Twisted cords and braids of different colors are intertwined; and locks, curls, tassels, flowers, and the gay feathers of the paroquet are appended. If the attire of the head is an index, the Fijians must certainly have some instincts in common with the nobles and ladies who in periwigs and lofty *coiffures* adorned the court of Louis XV.

The costume is completed by chaplets, ear-rings, necklaces, and wreaths made of vines and flowers, or of tortoise-shell, dogs' teeth, bats' jaws, or snake vertebrae. Painting and tattooing are, moreover, almost universal practices. The latter is a religious custom, imperative only on women, and is performed with an instrument consisting of several bone-teeth fixed to a light handle, which are dipped into a

pigment made of charcoal and candle-nut oil, and then driven violently through the skin. The operation is a painful one, and occupies several weeks, or even months. Concentric circles on the arms, barbed lines on the hands and fingers, and patches of blue at the corners of the mouth, are common displays of tattooing. The face is painted daily in fantastic styles, in scattered spots, and diagonal lines of different colors, vermilion being the favorite hue for the nose.

The Fijians are early risers, and begin their day with washing, and with drinking an infusion of the *ava*, a native narcotic plant. They then go to their work, gathering bananas or yams, fishing, canoe-building, or the manufacture of clubs and spears for war, till about eleven o'clock, when they return to their houses, bathe, anoint themselves with cocoa-nut oil, and partake of a slight repast. They pass the afternoon in sleeping or lounging, or in the pleasing labor of the toilet, sometimes strolling about and paying visits. In the evening, they take the principal meal at leisure, and their bill of fare includes a dozen varieties of bread, nearly thirty kinds of pudding, twelve sorts of soup, and almost every thing found living on the sea-reef, whether molluscos, articulate, or radiate. Tobacco has been known to them not more than thirty years, but is already a universal favorite of adults and children. They always smoke in the social way in which the North-American Indians used to smoke the calumet of peace, passing the pipe or segar from person to person, and each taking a whiff in succession.

If it be true that all men are either Platonists or Aristotelians, the Fijians indisputably belong to the latter class. Their intellect is ingenious, but their sentiment is unrefined. They delight in dancing and verse-making, but have few pleasing and poetical traditions, and seem to judge of poetry only by the metre and the rhyme. A couplet or triplet they can understand; but they have little pleasure in musical sounds, and visitors relate that they will walk off insensible to the sweetest notes of the flute or violin. They amuse themselves with punning, to which they give the remarkable name of *vakaribamalamala*; they tell grotesque stories, with little of the fairy element in them; and they entertain religious conceptions which are the farthest possible from being transcendental.

Rarely does humanity appear at once so base and so vigorous as in Fiji. When all the ideas as well as actions of an individual or a people become vicious, the divine breath usually languishes, and the tenement of clay hardly rises in force or dignity above the sod. The criminals of desperate wickedness who infest civilized countries, derive their energy from contact with the community around them: they are a sort of parasites, and the same sap which nourishes the flourishing institutes of order and social refinement, passing into them, makes

them swell into ugly and gnarly vigor. There is perhaps no extreme without its opposite, and the fairest attainments of Christianity and the darkest practices of hate and malice may exist, like palaces and hovels, side by side, each deriving strength from the vision of the other. But an isolated community, whose moralities are all blackest sins, it would seem, must soon lapse into imbecility from lack of high motives. Vice has its strength as an opposition to goodness; but vice unreined, and left to its own promptings without a check, is the weakest of earthly things, and lies close to ruin.

To account for Fijian vigor, it must therefore be admitted that, even morally, they are not quite as bad as possible, while stress should be laid upon the fact, that careful observers speak well of their exhibitions of uncult intellect.

In general, they are adroit liars and thieves: they are in the highest degree covetous, envious, suspicious, deceitful, vengeful, malignant, ungrateful, cruel, treacherous, cowardly, and sensual. Full of demon-like passions and purposes, they yet pride themselves on restraining any manifestation of emotion. But if once surprised into wrath, or if provoked beyond endurance, they lay no check on their rage, and exhibit the savage in a state of development of which the civilized man can form no adequate conception. 'The forehead,' says the missionary, 'is suddenly filled with wrinkles; the large nostrils distend and smoke; the staring eye-balls grow red, and gleam with terrible flashings; the mouth is stretched into a murderous and disdainful grin; the whole body quivers with excitement; every muscle is strained, and the clenched fist seems eager to bathe itself in the blood of him who has roused this demon of fury.' When a person is offended, he rarely says any thing, but immediately arranges some stick or stone, or other sign, by which he shall be constantly reminded of the grudge, till he is able to avenge it. There are various ways of indicating sworn vengeance — as dispensing with some favorite article of food, renouncing the pleasures of the dance, wearing half of the head closely cropped, refusing to speak at all, or suspending from the ridge-pole of the house a roll of tobacco, where it must hang till taken down to be smoked over the dead body of the offender.

Their atrocity is especially displayed in the little value which they set upon human life. Death by the club, the noose, or the musket is the punishment for all crimes except theft, which is hardly esteemed a crime at all. Young men are usually deputed to be the executors of justice, and perform their task suddenly, and with the utmost *nonchalance*. Infanticide, especially the murder of deformed and female children, is reduced to a system, professors of it being found in every village. A swift-pursuing grave haunts all the unfortunate. The aged and infirm are strangled; friendless sick persons are left to perish; the

process of laying out is often begun before decease ; and persons are not infrequently buried alive. This chapter of horrors relates only Fijian common-places. The abominations are not so much diabolical as brutish, proceeding from insensibility rather than from a daring defiance of noble conceptions. Religion is not there to shed a savor of holiness around life, its sacraments being supplanted by juggleries, and its ideas by a pantheon of monsters ; refined love is not there, woman being in no esteem, but often employed as a beast of burden, and even forbidden to enter any temple ; neither culture nor art, knowledge nor discipline, is there ; and the garden of the soul, which always requires to be so carefully kept, is therefore over-run with rankest weeds in tropical luxuriance.

Worthy of their character in other respects is the climax of their degradation — cannibalism. Suffice it to say, that they bake their captured enemies, and eat them. A cannibal dinner-party is always a ceremonious affair, and shows how fierce may be the amenities of life.

Thus briefly we have sketched one of the realms and one of the peoples in the island-world of the Pacific — a sunny, labyrinthine realm, smiling with natural beauty — a hideous people, largely built, unrivalled for the towering proportions and blooming vigor of their vices. This contrast between the landscape and the human life which figures on it, may have existed for thousands of ages ; for of Fiji prior to the present century nothing is known. The Fijians themselves believe that they occupy the centre of the universe, and have a tradition that the first man and woman were created on their isles. The shores of the neighboring continent, China and India, have old epics and philosophies, and other records and monuments of ancient civilizations. The opposite and more distant country of Mexico, contains scattered remnants of temples and other structures of art — the memorials of an unknown history. But in Fiji nothing is found to indicate that the occupants were ever higher in the scale of being than they are now.

The Dutch navigator, Tasman, discovered these islands in 1643. Captain Cook lay-to off one of them in his voyage of circumnavigation. Several mariners sailed by them or through them in the latter part of the last century. They were first brought into connection with Europeans by the escape of twenty-seven convicts from New South-Wales in 1804, who settled on them. The desperadoes of the West rivalled the native monsters in ferocity, and having the advantage of fire-arms, were able to maintain themselves for several years. Some of them became leaders in native wars ; but, with one exception, they never forced the respect of the Fijians, or were admitted into their friendship. The two toughest nations of Europe are the Swedish and Irish, if we may judge from the experience of these convicts ; for the last survivor but one of them was a Swede, who was murdered

and eaten in 1813. The last of them was an Irishman named Connor, who became thoroughly Fijianized, and was esteemed, even by the natives, as more than their match in inhuman passions and cruelties. He became a sort of prime minister and favorite of the king of Rewa, and died a natural death, only regretting in his last moments that the number of his children was not fifty instead of forty-eight.

The depravity of Fiji was hardly known in Christendom, before it became a theatre of Christian missionary effort. Converts from the neighboring Friendly Islands first preached to them in 1835 in Lakemba, one of the outlying islands, in which the Tongan population was larger than the Fijian. A station was here established, many Tongan converts were made, two white missionaries with their families were added to the corps of laborers, and the morality of the island, if it did not become Christian, became somewhat less heinous than it had formerly been. It was quite another thing, however, to evangelize genuine Fijians, as the missionaries discovered when, in 1837, they advanced their station into the group to the island of Somosomo, whither they had been invited by a novelty-seeking chief. When, after a conversation concerning Christianity with this chief, they asked him if he believed the statements to be true, he answered: 'True! every thing that comes from the white man's country is true: muskets and gunpowder are true, and your religion must be true.' After ten years of labor with this promising people, the missionaries decided to abandon the field, and narrowly escaped with their lives to another island.

The first remarkable missionary success was in Ono. That island was afflicted with an epidemic disease which threatened its depopulation. All means of propitiating the native gods had been tried, but no relief came. A visitor to Lakemba had witnessed the Tongan movement there, and remembered that JEHOVAH was the name of the God whose worship had been introduced, and who was said to be the only true God. In their present calamity, he recommended to his Ono countrymen to abandon their own gods, and to pray only to JEHOVAH: and it is a most curious fact, that with this scanty stock of information, they decided to follow his advice. They assembled together with this design, but were at a loss how to conduct a religious service. Finally a Fiji priest was waited on, and informed of the purpose and perplexity of the people. He did not approve of the plan, but consented to become their chaplain; and when all were seated, he offered up the following wonderful prayer: 'LORD, JEHOVAH! here are THY people: they worship THEE. I turn my back on THEE for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping another god. But do THOU bless THY people; keep them from harm, and do them good.' This was the first step in the evangelization of the whole island.

Missions are now established in several of the largest islands, and there are in all about seven thousand church members. But the Fijian finds it hard to eradicate the vices which have been in all time the glory of his fathers. The motives for which Christianity is embraced, are often of a politic character; Christian ideas are often most tortuously apprehended; and the Christian profession is both lightly made and renounced. The missionaries themselves, who have labored, and still labor there, are not men of the commanding ability and sternly romantic devotion which gave to Xavier his triumphs in Asia; but to them belongs at least the more than worldly honor of having risked their lives daily in efforts to do good to the heathen.

Passing from the present, and conceiving the time when civilization marching westward shall have built up a chain of empires along the coasts of the Pacific; when electric wires shall have brought the whole world within speaking distance; when improved arts of locomotion shall have reduced ocean-travel from days to hours, then we can hardly err in fancying these islands will rise into great worldly importance. They will have the charm of beauty and the convenience of loneliness. They may be winter residences for merchants doing business on either continent; they may be solitary retreats for scholars elaborating theories and prosecuting studies; they may be haunts of fashion and pleasure. Civilization will yet surely claim them, for they are designed to answer some of its finest purposes.

SONG FROM GOETHE.

CASTLES with lofty
Ramparts and towers,
Maidens disdainful
In Beauty's array,
All shall be ours!
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!

Lads, let the trumpets
For us be suing,
Calling to pleasure,
Enticing to ruin:
Stormy our life is,
Such is its boon —
Maidens and castles
Capitulate soon!
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!
And the soldiers go marching,
Marching away.

S T R E E T - S O N G S .

THE extremely vain gentleman in the British House of Commons who declared that if they would let him make the songs of the people, he would not care who made their laws, expressed his readiness to undertake rather more than he was aware of. On the principle that it is much more difficult to write a page than a paragraph, it may be presumed that it is easier to write an epic than a sonnet, and every body who has ever tried it knows how very much more ready of accomplishment is a bad sonnet than a good one.

Indeed, if song-writing is any thing, it is a science, and the ballad is its most abstruse form; because ballads require a great deal of pith, and an immense amount of condensation. Mere flowing rhythm and good verse are not enough. These may yield readable poetry, and may even, if at all sentimental, serve as pegs on which to hang crotchets and quavers, and so supply hooped beauty with a pretext for warbling. But for ballads, you want something that will inspire the singer and move the hearer. You want a condensed narrative, a touching description, a thrilling recital, all artistically blended and combined. Speaking only, then, of the English language, we must make a distinction between ordinary verse, set to music, and songs; and an equally marked distinction between songs and ballads.

In the languages of exclusively Latin origin these distinctions do not so vividly exist. Indeed it would be scarcely proper to admit that those languages have any ballads at all. The Italians, for example, admire a *ballata* more for its style of versification and the character of its music than for any particular meaning in the words. An Italian *ballata* may sing of wine or woman, Venus or the gods, and may treat the subject in any way the writer pleases. So also with the Spaniards; they have no ballads. They have *canciones de amor*, and *canciones de guerra*, and *canciones* of various other kinds; but the ballad proper they know not. The French possess ballads, though they call them *chansons* or *chansonnettes*. Béranger's *Croix d'or* and '*Les Petits vont être grands*,' are ballads — ballads — decided ballads, let the Frenchman call them what he will; and so is the '*Fou de Tolède*' an exquisite ballad. But the English is, after all, the ballad language, *par excellence*.

We trust it will be considered proper if we originate here the very defensible observation that, in addition to the recognized qualifications of the ballad, it must be a song that can be bawled. For the tender passages, we readily admit any quantity and extent of modulation that may suit the taste and fancy of the singer. But the allusions to 'the

rosy morn,' and 'the jocund heart,' and 'never shall the brave old flag,' etc., must be bawled, or, to say the least, sung out very loud. This we remark without any reference to the duties of the singer, which belong to another subject entirely. What we desire to establish is, that the man who permits himself to believe that he can write a ballad, must be prepared to indite words that will bear to be called out aloud, and very much aloud, in the market-places: else he will fail.

We must therefore discriminate between street-songs and street-ballads. The street-song may be short, but it must be condensed and pithy. It may treat of love, and may be sentimental; but it must be philosophical rather than descriptive. The ballad, on the other hand, may be as long as you please, but its parts and incidents must be even more condensed than is necessary to a song. If it be short, so much the better for some hearers, so much the worse in the view of others. But it must recite the various links of its story, and a great deal of story, or it must express its variety of sentiment — and the livelier the sentiment the better — in few words. If it be long, its every verse must be a history or a narrative, or a section of a narrative, not altogether distinct and apart from what precedes or succeeds it, but complete *per se*. There must be an especial 'nub' for every stanza. Take, for example, the ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' or better still, because more confirmatory of our position, take the ballad of 'Lord Bateman,' which compresses into a few — some fifty — verses, occupying scarcely half an hour in the singing, the biographies of Lord Bateman, a Turkish young lady, and an English gentlewoman and her daughter; recounts the travels of Lord Bateman, who

'SAIL-ED heast and he sail-ed vest,
Till he comed to famed Turkee;'

and the peregrinations of the Mohammedan young lady aforesaid; mentions incidentally the maiden's Turkish father from whose girdle

'SHE stole away the key,
Lord BATEMAN for to set free;'

and also makes honorable mention of an extraordinary page, an humble but accomplished servitor of the nobleman. This, if you please, is a ballad — a street-ballad. Bawl? you can bellow it, if you only have the necessary quality and quantity of voice. So, likewise, in respect to the ballad which was the enduring favorite of the late Mr. Braham, and which tells of a gallant ship

'How she lay
All the day
In the Bay
Of Biscay O!'

You can never be too loud in this ballad, which admonition we offer, reader, in case you should ever be minded to try it.

Street-ballads, however, have vastly degenerated in our day, and especially in our country. They have been rudely jostled by street-songs, and insulted with that lowest kind of all literary productions, parodies. The stream of ballad poetry itself runs smooth no longer. Our ballad bards of to-day are not — shall we confess the humiliating fact? — scholars writing under the afflatus of inspiration, like Béranger, or geniuses pouring out native melody in words, like Burns. They are ignoramuses scribbling for mere shillings under the influence of beer. In place of the 'Lord Bateman' ballad of the olden time, we have the 'Villikins and Dinah' song of to-day. In place of good old Cockney Saxon, or broad Scotch, or genuine frolicsome Irish, we have low Cockney or Yankee slang, without either point or moral. Every body knows, too, where the current street literature in the musical way is sold, and how it is sold. Not as ballads used to be, by the gentleman who obligingly sang them as he went, giving you an idea of the literature which he offered you in long printed strips by the yard, and affording you at the same time some useful hints about the correct manner of singing the same. No: in our age ballads are printed on little square dabs of paper, the verses surmounted by capacious titles in big type, and surrounded by flashy borders; and then, oh! wo is me! fastened up against the Park railings by strings of wire. No note of melody proceeds from the lips of the vendor, who, in nine cases out of ten, cannot sing, if even he could read, which, to our certain knowledge in one case at least, he cannot.

We have a few of the ballads of the day now on the table before us, and a sorry collection they are. We bought them of an individual who 'had on him,' as our Hibernian friends express it, the most unmusical face ever owned or beheld by man. There was not a minim of melody nor the smallest demi-semi-quaver of harmony in any line of it. It was hard and grubby, and not at all gentle or ethereal. He remarked that they were 'the foinest songs that ever was writ, Sir,' and in answer to an interrogatory touching the airs, replied that the 'chunes' was all printed on the top ov 'em. We bought them, and retired from the presence.

The one which lies uppermost in the collection is entitled 'Mrs. Cunningham's Darling Baby;' and the 'chune' is said to be that of the 'Fine Old English Gentleman,' or 'The Cork Leg.' This is therefore one of the few musical examples of genius capable of producing words which can be sung to either of two different measures; for having the honor of a thorough acquaintance with both 'The Fine Old English Gentleman' and 'The Cork Leg,' we are prepared to assert that these airs differ in every possible respect from each other. We judge, how-

ever, from the extreme irregularity of the verse — as an example of which we beg to extract the following remark on this especial baby's

'ECLIPSING far the glory of others,—
In that it was born the babe of two mothers'—

that it was intended to be sung to a combination of the two airs, or that that of the 'Cork Leg' might be used where the words admitted it, and that of 'The Fine Old English Gentleman' where the metre seemed to call for such a change. The thing, however, is not a ballad; it does not state, for the information of posterity, who Mrs. Cunningham was; it leaves in doubt the momentous question as to the real maternity of the babe. It mystifies without interesting the hearer. There is no romance in it, but there is abundance of slang. The pen recoils from any further review of 'Mrs. Cunningham's Darling Baby,' and only recommends the reader not to try it.

The next is entitled 'Morrissey and Heenan fight,' the suppression of the usual introductory definite article being due, we imagine, to a want of space, and a consequent sacrifice of literary propriety on the altar of expedient conspicuousness. When we remark that this production commences with —

'On! was not that a glorious sight
To see those two heroes in a fight?'

that it goes on to state that —

'This manly tug was ended fair,
Every thing being on the square;'

and ends with the pious aspiration —

'That they may live to see the day
To participate in another fray;'

we believe we have done enough to show the disgusting character of the production in question. It must therefore be almost unnecessary to extract the assertion that

'To the end it was give and take,
The blows making both men quake,
And stagger, as if on a drunk;
'T was hard to tell who would be hunk,
Until, in less than one half-hour,
MORRISSEY showed the right bower.'

The third paper, entitled 'Twenty Years Ago,' stands out in quite a poetical light from the rubbish just quoted. If we were to be called upon to express its peculiarity, we certainly should not say sublimity, especially in view of the following stanza:

'THE spring that bubbled 'neath the hill close by the spreading beech,
Is very high — 't was once so low that we could almost reach;
But in kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tox, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.'

This song (it is not a ballad, mind!) being free from slang, and pretty full of sentiment, we commend, strictly as a street-song; and if any body objects to the gentleman's wanting to 'get a drink,' after having gone through so many verses of this quality, that critic must be hypercritical. If, on the other hand, any anxious mind should inquire, 'How?' on learning that the party 'started *so*,' the answer is obvious — it was just *so* as to afford a rhyme with the word 'ago,' in the general burthen.

The next is an Irish (an extremely Irish) song, whereof the title is 'Saint Patrick's Day in New-York,' and the subject, 'a glorious turn-out' of Irish militia on that glorious day — in what year, is not stated, which it ought to have been; for, seeing that the weather on the seventeenth day of March is usually very unpropitious in this city, it is important to learn that, on the special occasion in question,

*'The sun, it brightly shone that day, and gave an extra shine,
As the line of march commenced to move exactly half-past nine.'*

This nicety in regard to the hour, and total indifference with respect to the year, is decidedly Irish: a remark which we make with all respect for the gentlemen in whose honor the sun 'gave an extra shine,' at the precise moment (half-past nine) when they began to march 'through East-Broadway and Chatham-street;' for we learn that their course lay in that direction, from the following dim and misty couplet, the terrible grammar of which *will* force itself upon the mind, in spite of the admiration inspired by the unforgotten homage of the sun:

*'To see the military appearance of the troops, marching rank and file
Through East-Broadway and Chatham-street; to the Park they drew in line,
Their military tactics they went through, reviewed by the Mayor,
And well may Erin's sons adore the land whose name they bear.'*

Nobody has a right to form a judgment on the aforesaid 'tactics' from the grammar or the versification of the poet, who, however, must be a genius, or he would never dare to leave his nominative without a verb, or to introduce 'line' and 'bear' to rhyme with 'file' and Mr. Tiemann. History, biography, and blarney are beautifully mingled in the following verse, with which we must close our review of 'St. Patrick's Day in New-York,' the only effusion really approaching the ballad style proper, that we have met so far:

*'SUCCESS to Marshall KEELAN, that day did laurels win,
Likewise to Colonel RYAN, his officers and men:
The way that day they marched their men filled their hearts with joy,
As it done before, in days of yore, on the plains of Fontenoy.'*

The exceptions already taken to the grammar of this ballad, apply with equal force to the stanza just quoted; but if it be borne in mind

that the Hibernian pronunciation of 'men' is usually 'min,' the critic will look with less disfavor on the rhyme. The construction, we admit, is faulty; but the worst feature of the verse is its non-adherence to strict truth, since the gallant 'min' alluded to could not have marched at Fontenoy; and even had they done so, neither Marshal Keelan nor Colonel Ryan, whom *we know* to have been absent from that classic field, could possibly have been pleased with the way they 'done' it.

'The 'Belle of the Mohawk Vale' is chiefly interesting, as supplying the information that there is a 'blue-eyed bonny' young lady in that locality. The composition is a maudlin affair, on the not very original principle of recounting every thing delightful that you can remember, and expressing great satisfaction with it, but winding up every verse by declaring that what has gone before may be all very well, but 'the Belle of the Mohawk Vale' is *the cheese*, over and above all. Making allowances for this old style of lyrical comparison, the song is not bad; but it is only a song — not a ballad.

'The Fireman's Boy' is, though; and a very good one, with just the right quantity of bombast and strained verse; as when the mother, describing to the boy what sort of a person his father was, says proudly:

'He was a fireman, gallant, brave,
As ever grasped a rope:
A nobler heart ne'er beat to save
The sufferer void of hope.'

This production is in the form of a dialogue between the widow and her child; but it has all the attributes of a ballad, and is well done.

'The Irish Girl' is a miserably low thing, and withal too absurd for comment. When a gentlemen who wishes that he were 'in Monaghan, and sitting on the grass, and in my hand a bottle, and on my knee a lass,' describes his lady-love ('the Irish Girl') in such language as the following —

'So red and rosy were her cheeks, and yellow was her hair,
And *costly* were the robes which my Irish girl did wear;'

he ventures so palpably into the region of hyperbole as to become ridiculous.

The 'Execution of Rodgers,' which is given out as the production of 'the Saugerties Bard,' is slightly — very slightly — in the ballad style; but there is neither that rhyme nor that reason which one would look for from a 'Bard' all the way down in Saugerties. The last verse, in particular, is of very doubtful acceptance:

'FAREWELL, reckless youth; we bid you adieu:
Let the fate of young RODGERS be a warning to you,'

would seem to be an apostrophe to the reader or passer-by, which it

would require all the fire of the Bard himself to construe in a complimentary sense.

'My Love, she was a Radish-Girl, only Sixteen Years Old,' is as stupid and lame a production as its immense title would prepare the reader to anticipate. Nay, it is disgusting, as witness the following:

'I TAKED her to a ball vonce, in SCHUDDERHOECK's Deutsch cellar,
Un I getted mad, un I volloped her, for she danced mit a vellar,
Her valtzing was so pewtifoof, un nice to pehold:
She's so graceful ash an elephant, shus sixteen years old.'

'John Dean and his own Mary Ann,' to the air of 'Villikins and his Dinah,' is of course founded on a well-known matrimonial occurrence of a couple of years ago, and is a mere parody, badly executed. This, and a host of others, which are simply stupid songs, we must pass over: we cannot quite afford space for all the trash which we purchased of the man with the unmusical face. So also in regard to the Ethiopian songs, a pile of which is on the table before us, and which we shall perhaps treat at a future day. Only one other of the street-songs claims our attention, because it is stated to be the production of 'the highly popular author,' so-and-so, whom we never had the pleasure of hearing of before. It is called 'Gentle Annie,' and it is farther stated, that 'the music of this beautiful song can be had of Messrs. So-and-so, in Broadway.' This chaunt, if it is 'beautiful,' which we very much doubt, is frightfully sentimental. It opens with a painful regret, which is only explained in the penultimate verse, where we learn that the gentle Annie in question is in her tomb! The introductory stanza apostrophizes the apotheosis of the gentle Annie with the following wailing mixture of affectionate agony and gratuitous candor:

'THOU wilt come no more, gentle ANNIE;
Like a flower thy spirit did depart:
Thou art gone, alas! like the many
That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.'

Oh! the rogue! The man who could suffer so many gentle Annies in general to bloom in his heart, and who does not scruple to confess the fact to the shade of the gentle Annie in particular, deserves to have them all go from him. Indeed, who shall say if a knowledge of the gentleman's depravity, prior to her posthumous acquaintance with it through his own confession, might not have led to the departure of her spirit like the flower? The chorus, too, is faulty. It is all very well, at the end of the first verse, when the real cause of the gentleman's grief has not been declared, for his friends, the tenor and base and alto, to ask:

'SHALL we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again?'

But after the young lady's tomb has been mentioned, the question above quoted is a piece of evident supererogation which calls the gentleman's veracity into question, or hints at a sham funeral. 'Ah!' says he:

'Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder:'

which we have not the smallest doubt of; and, indeed, it is fearful to think what a ponderous song we should have had if he had pondered much longer.

I D L E W O R D S .

I.

O IDLE words!

Why will ye never die,
But float forever in the sky,
Dimming the stars that shine in memory,
Destroying hope and causing love from earth to flee,
Ill-omened birds.

II.

O idle words!

Preying upon the heart,
Leaving with wounds a deadly smart;
Expiring breath that taints the very air,
Will ye forever leave your victims to despair?
Ill-omened birds.

III.

O idle words!

How many are the tears
That ye have caused to flow: the fears
Ye have begot and made to mountains grow,
Crushing the innocent beneath a weight of wo,
Ill-omened birds.

IV.

O idle words!

Your flight is ever on,
In heaven darkening the sun;
By weary journeyings without delay,
To wend your dreary way unto the judgment-day,
Ill-omened birds.

SEAMANSHIP OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for January contains an article headed 'Men of the Sea,' which assumes that the seamen of to-day are a degraded class, compared with the seamen of 1808, and that their degradation may in part be attributed to 'science,' but does not give the proof. Now, we contend that the seamen of to-day are superior to the seamen of any other period of the world's history, and that science, so far from degrading them, has been instrumental in their elevation. Because the writer of the article in question may have seen men bundled 'dead drunk' on board of outward-bound ships, it does not prove that these men were inferior in seamanship to their predecessors, for every person acquainted with the history of seamen is aware that a parting spree has been one of their habits for more than a century. Smollett's description of seamen in 'Roderick Random' is authority upon this point. But there is less drunkenness among seamen now than there ever was before, for the simple reason that no merchantman carries liquor to sea for the use of her crew; whereas, in the 'good old times' rum was part of every sailor's 'allowance' on board of every ship. Therefore, the sailor of to-day is less of a drunkard than his predecessor of 1808, and more of a man at sea.

The writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* has fallen into the common error of confounding the men who man ships in years of speculation with seamen. He does not seem to have taken into consideration the rapid development of the commerce of the world, particularly that of our own commerce, and the want of trained men to man that commerce. The tonnage owned in the port of New-York in 1854 was one million two hundred and sixty-two thousand eight hundred and one, an amount greater by twenty or thirty thousand tons than the whole tonnage owned by the several States in the year 1808. Now it is well known that no preparation is ever made to train men to man new ships; and when vessels are ready for sea, if seamen cannot be procured, landsmen must take their place, for ships were never yet known to lie long in port for want of men. To sea they must go, without reference to the qualifications of their crews. But would it not be a libel upon seamen to charge the incompetency of the crews of such ships upon them, and then denounce them as inferior to their predecessors?

In 1855 there were five hundred and eighty-three thousand four hundred and fifty tons of shipping built in the United States, and these required over twenty thousand men to man them. Where were they to come from? England, from whom we draw part of our seamen,

was increasing her shipping almost as rapidly at the time as ourselves, and, like us, had to send untrained men to sea. These landmen carried on board the irregularity and bad habits of the shore, and forthwith a parcel of superficial writers, on both sides of the Atlantic, moaned over the degeneracy of seamen. Many intelligent shipmasters, with whom we have conversed upon this subject, have stated that never within their experience has the character of seamen been more exemplary than during the years of speculation which have just closed. Frequently half-a-dozen men have cheerfully performed duties which double their number would have considered hard in years when commerce was not affected by speculation. Captain Warner, of the ship 'Donald M'Kay,' a vessel of over two thousand tons, unable to procure a crew of any kind in Boston, had to send to New-York for one; and out of eighty men, he had only four who could steer the ship, and only twelve who could go aloft; and with this crew he crossed the Atlantic in the dead of winter. He spoke of the seamen on board in the highest terms; they sustained him and his officers in preserving a show of discipline, and were ever prompt in the discharge of every duty. We could cite many cases of like devotion to duty by seamen. How unjust, then, to charge the shortcomings of untrained men upon seamen! Yet this is what the *Atlantic* has done, without proper consideration. Now that the fever of speculation has passed, and many of our ships laid up for want of employment, fair crews can be procured; and if the present lull continues two or three years, the greenhorns who are at sea will be trained into good seamen — as good, perhaps, as any that have preceded them. There are yet seamen enough afloat to impress their habits of order and discipline upon the new-comers, for no man is more thoroughly sensible of the utility of discipline than a thorough-bred sailor.

Having shown that seamen are not justly chargeable with some of the irregularities attributed to them, we will take a brief glance at the effect of 'science' upon them. Since 1808 the size of our ships has been increased from three and four hundred tons to from eight to twelve hundred. There are a few of two thousand tons and over, but not many. Chain-cables, chain topsail-sheets, ties, bowsprit shrouds, bobstays, martingale stays and guys, patent trusses, iron futtock-rigging, patent steering apparatuses, improved windlasses and capstans, and half-a-dozen kinds of new rigs, besides various improvements in blocks and cordage, have been applied to ships. All these changes have been learned by seamen, in addition to what was known before. These improvements have not superseded the necessity of knowing the old modes of rigging, for, in the event of disaster, the seaman is compelled to fall back upon the experience of the past. His ship, when dismasted, cannot be jury-rigged at sea with the iron-work

with which she left port. It must be done with such spare spars and ropes as may be found on board.

The improvements in navigation have also entailed upon the ship-master the necessity of increased intellectual cultivation to render them available. The hydrography of the world, with a fair knowledge of astronomy, mathematics, maritime law, and port regulations, must be among his attainments, and, in addition, he must understand navigation as it was practised before these improvements were introduced. In a fog, or in cloudy weather, when there is no chance for celestial observations to determine the position of his ship, he is compelled to fall back upon dead-reckoning, and also, like the mariners of old, to rely upon his own judgment, unaided by science, to navigate his ship. Do these incontrovertible facts prove that the ship-master of to-day is inferior to his predecessor of 1808? Do they not prove the reverse, and, at the same time, that the *Atlantic's* assertion, that science has in any degree tended to degrade the ship-master, is not true?

The *Atlantic* writer, in proof of the superiority of the seamen of the past, cites an instance of a dismasted, leaky ship having been jury-rigged and carried safely into port, as if such feats were not performed now. He does not read the newspapers very attentively, or he could not fail to notice many accounts of vessels leaky and dismasted having been brought into port successfully under very trying circumstances. The ship 'Sovereign of the Seas,' over two thousand tons, with heavier masts and yards than a forty-gun frigate, lost her lower yards and top-masts off Valparaiso, and in eight days was refitted, without going into port, and beat the whole fleet which sailed from the Atlantic ports about the same time, in her passage to San Francisco. This ship was navigated from Honolulu to New-York with thirty men, and of these there were only eight seamen. The rest were men who had been less than six months at sea. How frequently, during the past summer, have vessels been brought from Cuba and our Southern ports, by two or three men each, all the others having died of yellow fever. A brig, with a valuable cargo, was brought from Havana to Hampton Roads by a single sailor. The first or second day out, all hands died but himself. Without understanding navigation, he knew the courses along our coast, and steered for Charleston. Off the Bar he spoke a pilot-boat and reported his condition. The pilots wished to come on board and claim salvage, but he repulsed them, and shaped his course for Hampton Roads, where he made a regular agreement with a pilot to take the vessel into port. An English ship-master, not long since, shortly after leaving Vera Cruz, lost all his crew, and being unable to make any of the West-India Islands, boldly headed her for England, and actually anchored her himself in the British Channel.

Numerous other cases might be cited to show that in every element

of skill and gallant bearing, the seamen of our day have not degenerated. How can they degenerate? The elements are as fierce and fickle now as they ever were. The vast increase in the size of our ships requires a corresponding increase of intelligence to manage them. Captain Nickels, of the ship 'Flying Fish,' a sailor who has few equals, after his first voyage in her said that it required a man to be at least a year in such a vessel, to learn to sail her properly.

In conversation with the captain of one of the Cunard steamers about the loss of the steamer 'Austria,' he remarked that Hamburg sailors had yet to learn how to sail steamers. A man, to manage a steamer properly, must not only be a good ship-sailor, but an engineer, so that in cases of emergency he may feel himself competent to assume the entire command of the vessel, without dependence upon his engineer. In accordance with these views, every naval officer is compelled to study the marine steam-engine, and pass an examination by practical engineers before he receives an appointment to a vessel. Surely this scientific knowledge cannot degrade the officer or make him less efficient than his predecessor of 1808. The common seamen who serve in steamers, soon become familiar with their engines; and we can state, from personal observation, that this increase of scientific knowledge has not affected injuriously the crews of the Cunard steamers. The discipline on board of these vessels is good, and the men are as fine, hearty, powerful fellows, as ever trod a ship's deck.

Never was there a period in the history of the sea, when so much was required of seamen as the present. In 'old times' ships were often laid up in winter; now, winter is the most trying season of the year, and increasing competition compels seamen to be ever on the alert. The man who commands a fast ship, and is beaten in a race to a distant market, will soon find himself without employment. The common seamen, too, take pride in the sailing qualities of their ships, and never spare themselves to make them do their best.

Captain Cressey, in the famous clipper 'Flying Cloud,' fell in with a rival clipper on one of his passages from New-York to San Francisco, and a side-by-side race took place. He said that he had no occasion to tell his crew to move quickly in making or taking in sail; they moved like one man, and that man a hero. The 'Flying Cloud' triumphed, and every man felt that the triumph was his own. Yet read what the *Atlantic* says of New-York seamen:

'Out of the past looks a bronzed and manly face; along the deck of a phantom-ship swings a square and well-knit form. . . . I know him for the man of the sea, who was with Hull in the 'Constitution,' and Porter in the 'Essex.' I look for him now upon the broad decks of the magnificent merchantmen that lie along the slips of New-York, and in his place is a lame and stunted, bloated and diseased wretch,

spiritless, hopeless, reckless. Has he knowledge of a seaman's duty? The dull, sodden brain can carry the customary orders of a ship's duty, but more than that it cannot. Has he hopes of advancement? His horizon is bounded by the bar and the brothel. A dog's life, a dog's berth, and a dog's death are his heritage. . . . We have the Spartan on the quarter-deck, the Helot in the forecabin.'

This is caricature, not fact, so far as the officers and seamen who man our ships are concerned. Never were men of the sea better berthed, better fed, or less the victims of vice, than at present. What are the crimes of the sea compared to the crimes of the land? There are more men afloat under our flag than the entire population of Boston, yet we have no hesitation in asserting, that there are more crimes committed in Boston—the model, moral city of the Union—in any three months of the year, than can be truly charged against all our men afloat, in twenty-one months. It may be said that this is the effect of restraint, but such an assumption places the conduct of seamen in a still more exemplary light, for it is well known that they have the power to rule as supremely as a Vigilance Committee. If our seamen are the miserable creatures described in the *Atlantic Monthly*, how is it that they are honest? Frequently during the past ten years, more than three hundred million dollars of property have been intrusted to their care, and, even to-day, they have under their control a couple of hundred millions of dollars, yet how rarely do we hear of embezzlement afloat. There is a moral cause for the proverbial honor of seamen, which those who only know them superficially cannot comprehend. The sailor in the discharge of every duty at sea, is a truth-speaker; and truth is the basis of honor. In the blackest night, exposed to the fury of the elements, a captain may send a sailor aloft to ascertain the condition of a sail, a spar, or any thing else, and the report made will receive his implicit confidence; he would as soon doubt his own identity as the truth of the sailor. Truth, and nothing but the truth, can be tolerated at sea. Men thus trained to truth, may take a glass of grog too much on shore, but they cannot stoop to steal. The effect of the grog, however, attracts notice and forms the subject of a homily, but honor is such a common quality, especially among financiers, that it is not esteemed of any consequence in seamen, and therefore they receive no credit for it.

In relation to the men who stood by Hull or Porter, we believe the men who man our ships-of-war at present are as brave and more skillful; and this belief is based upon the condition of the ships. We have inspected many of our ships-of-war, and among them the magnificent steam-frigates recently added to the navy. We saw the *Merrimac* as she left the hands of the riggers, and again when she returned from her European and West-Indian cruise, and the contrast in her condi-

tion demonstrated to our satisfaction, that the officers and men had performed their duty faithfully. She was a model of nautical perfection in all her details. If her officers and crew were incompetent, how could they produce such effects? But they were not incompetent; they knew their duty and performed it, and we have no doubt, would uphold as gallantly the honor of our flag amid the 'blaze of battle,' as any men that ever lived. The heroic element is as much a part of a sailor's being now as it ever was.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is very partial to the celebrated navigators of the past, such as Blake, Raleigh, Frobisher, Dampier, etc., for the purpose of belittling the seamen of the present; but it is only necessary to say in reply, that the adventures of our whalers, if prepared with a tithe of the ability displayed in the narratives of early navigators, would exhibit scenes of individual daring, endurance, and intelligence, surpassing in interest all that has been recorded of the past. We do not believe that we are blundering into sloth or stupidity, either ashore or afloat. There are unquestionably many evils, both on the land and on the sea, and probably there will be, until some bright and shining light, like the nautical writer of the *Atlantic Monthly*, shall discover a process by which to remodel the human heart, for in that, we apprehend is the active agent of evil.

The rows afloat, which attract notice ashore, we are well assured, arise principally from breaking in greenhorns. A landsman cannot be converted into a sailor without training, and the training of the sea is not always conducted upon humanitarian principles. But there is a good time coming. When the greenhorns become sailors, they will not suffer themselves to be knocked about. Have patience for a year or two more, gentlemen of the land, and the 'men of the sea' will bring order out of confusion, virtue out of vice, and show to the world that they understand their own business best.

To compare our honest, truth-loving ship-masters to the avowed thieves and liars of Sparta, who had nothing to recommend them to posterity but the physical training of a modern prize-fighter, or our seamen to their slaves, betrays both ignorance and injustice. Examine the records of our Courts of Insolvency, and you will hardly find the name of a master-mariner; and how rarely do the names of our common sailors appear on the records of Criminal Courts! Men like these are neither Spartans nor Helots.

But the nautical writers of the *Atlantic Monthly* are not practical seamen, and consequently their ignorance of the 'Men of the Sea' leads them into the most ridiculous errors. One of them, describing reefing topsails in a merchant-ship, says:

'Captain Cope calls out to reef topsails—double reef fore and mizzen—one reef in the main. The mates are in the weather-rigging

before the words are out of the Captain's lips, to take the earings of their respective topsails.'

Before reefing topsails, it is, we believe, necessary to lower the top-sail yards, lay them so as to spill the sails, and then haul the reef-tackles out. All this should be done before a man goes aloft. This ship must have been remarkably well manned to have had her three topsails reefed at the same time. The men are on the yards, and the *Atlantic* makes them sing out: 'Light up the sail to windward.' A mistake. The usual cry is: 'Light out to windward.' Next he says: 'Haul away to leeward!' Another slip of the pen. 'Haul out to leeward!' is the phrase in general use. While the men were reefing, our hero had 'one arm round a mizzen back-stay.' There is no such rope in a ship as a 'mizzen back-stay.'

Upon another occasion, our hero, in company with a Swiss soldier, (no doubt soldiers both, so far as seamanship is concerned,) was on a raft from a wreck in the Mediterranean, looking anxiously for deliverance, as any man would have done under the circumstances. At last a frigate heaves in sight. Our hero says: 'On she came, till we could see the guns in her bow-ports, and almost count the *meshes* in her hammock-nettings.'

A frigate does not carry guns in her bow-ports. When in chase, guns, according to their range, are taken from any part of the ship, and used through the bow-ports; but the chase over, the guns are returned. Frigates do not carry guns in their bow-ports, therefore our hero did not see any there, under the circumstances which he describes. But he could 'almost count the meshes in her hammock-nettings.' How wonderful! A hammock-netting is made of wood, and has a cover of painted canvas, to be spread over the hammocks in wet weather: there is no net-work about it, and consequently no meshes. Our hero might with as much propriety have said that he could 'almost count the cloths in her topsail-sheets.' The word *netting* suggested the idea of *meshes*, just as the word *sheets* might suggest the idea of *cloths*!

Our hero speaks in one place of a sailor 'awlin' haft the main tack,' and in another, of 'hauling out the main sheet.' Both blunders. 'Board the main tack,' or 'haul aboard the main tack,' is the language of the sea: never, 'haul aft the main tack.' It does not lead aft, but forward. 'Haul out the main sheet,' if it were the only nautical blunder in the sea-articles of the *Atlantic Monthly*, might be set down as a misprint — the word *out* having been used for *aft* — but as there are many other blunders, too glaring to be attributed to mis-printing, the phrase, 'Haul out the main sheet' is, doubtless, like the others, the offspring of ignorance. 'Haul *aft* the main sheet' is correct, not 'haul *out*,' etc.

We would not have noticed these nautical blunders, but for the arrogant pretensions of the writers. They try to make landmen believe that they are of the sea, and speak of it and its men from actual experience, when, in fact, they do not even know the common phraseology of the sea. But their articles are amusing, and so are those of the great S. C., Jr., though they frequently sneer at writers of his stamp, for the purpose, we suppose, of showing their own superiority.

In his last wonderful 'sea-story,' hear how Sylvanus wears a brig : 'Stand by for wearing!' cried Harry, as he walked aft. 'Mr. Adams, you may bring her up to the wind.' And then, he adds, 'the helm was put up.' Well done, Sylvanus! The nautical writers of the *Atlantic Monthly* could not blunder more 'scientifically.' 'Put the helm up,' or 'Up with the helm,' are the orders to the helms-man in wearing; and in order to 'bring her up to the wind,' the phrase is, 'Put the helm down,' or 'Let her come to,' not 'Put the helm up.' In another scene, Sylvanus says: 'We must let her up a little, to keep the head-sails on a shiver as much as possible.' Now when the 'head-sails' of a square-rigged vessel 'shiver' by the wind, the topsails will be aback, and consequently stop her way; but Sylvanus keeps her ranging ahead, with her head-sails shivering. A skilful sailor! But Sylvanus, in reply, may say: 'My sea-stories are as good as those published in the classical *Atlantic Monthly*; and if I do blunder, you may attribute it to *science*!'

Sylvanus writes to amuse; he knows some of the slang of the sea, and out of this, like the writers in the *Atlantic*, manufactures 'sea-stories;' but he is not dogmatical. He does not put himself forward as a reformer, nor write nonsense about scare-crow evils which he does not comprehend. His blunders in manœuvring ships do not impair the interest of his yarns in the estimation of landmen; and seamen will only smile at them; for they are as harmless as they are stupid, and will probably be forgotten in a week.

It is not so with the articles which appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*. That periodical assumes to be 'an authority' on all matters which it admits to its pages, and is supposed to have much influence upon thinking men: it is important, therefore, when it publishes statements at variance with fact, that it should be set right. We have shown that its nautical writers are not practical seamen; that their estimate of a sailor is not the result of experience, but of ignorance; and therefore we hope that their opinions will not have an unfavorable influence upon the minds of those who still admire and respect 'the Men of the Sea.'

THE WORLD WATCHMAN'S SONG.

THE clock strikes ten ! The Devil has drawn
His curtain above, from sun-set to dawn :
And the night is here ; but a night of wo
And crime, that a flood shall overflow —
That the Flood doth overflow.

As I walk earth's floor
Its billows around my footsteps roar.

The clock strikes eleven ! Dismal the night !
But a star arises ; and it hangs in light
O'er the Holy City, till she totters and falls,
And the red flames flutter on temple and walls —
On Zion's temple and walls.

As I walk earth's floor
A nation is scattered — a nation no more.

The clock strikes twelve ! 'T is a mid-night drear !
The hour when the ghosts of the dead appear :
Now the Queen of the World her red cup fills,
And, crownless, falls from her reeling hills —
Rome from her seven proud hills.

As I walk earth's floor
With a trembling foot, it is dark before !

The clock strikes one ! The knights are awake :
The mountains nod, and the valleys quake
To the clang of arms and the thundering tread
Of the bannered armies eastward led —

In Holy Crusade eastward led,
As I walk earth's floor
The pace of the hours seems slower and slower.

The clock strikes two ! And my weary eyes
A vision behold from the ocean rise :
A world unknown from the gulf of waves
Comes up ; and I hear afar the laugh of slaves —
The smothered laugh of patient slaves,

As I walk earth's floor,
And hasten still toward the Western shore.

The clock strikes three ! And my watch is done :
Ye sleeping nations, awake with the sun :
From the East have I walked, not fast, but far ;
And have seen arise but a single star —

In all this night but the Morning Star,
As I walked earth's floor :
And the sun now stands in the morning door.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

RATIONAL COSMOLOGY: OR THE ETERNAL PRINCIPLES AND THE NECESSARY LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE. By LAURENS P. HICKOK, D.D., Union College. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

ACCORDING to the author's definition, a rational cosmology is the interpretation of the facts and laws of nature in the light of the pure principles which include them. These principles, it is argued, must have existed in the mind of the CREATOR before their concretion in a single fact; and inasmuch as man is a rational being, must be, to some extent, possible to be attained by the exercise of the reason aided by facts and their laws, and by pure rational insight. This way of seeking after the divine idea is the only possible method, it is claimed, of rising to any science of the universe and attaining a rational cosmology, as distinguished from a mere summation of the facts of experience and arithmetical reckonings. To use more carefully the terms of the author — believing that there must somewhere be a position from which it may be clearly seen that the physical universe has laws which are not only discoverable by the processes of induction, but which may be shown to have been necessarily determined by immutable and eternal principles of reason, Dr. HICKOK first endeavors to apprehend a clear idea of an absolute CREATOR and GOVERNOR, who, though incomprehensible to the finite understanding, is yet cognizable by the rational insight: so likewise of the great plan of nature, which must have proceeded from certain archetypal ideas of the Divine mind. Thus, he says, by the aid of reason, and the study of the facts and the laws of nature, we may read those laws, not as mere arbitrary facts, but as the necessary result of a work rationally begun and wisely accomplished by God, to and for His own sole glory, by virtue of the imperatives of His spiritual excellence. So much as has been gotten and given of these superior and necessary principles are then applied to the actual facts of the universe.

Without entering more into detail in the description of the author's argument, sufficient has been said to indicate its general scope, and to afford a basis for what we have to say in very brief and general criticism of its contents. The gist of the work is the attempt to construct a theory of the universe, *à priori*. A bootless task. The observed facts of nature and the human mind, together with the laws which include and classify them, attained by induction or deduction, are all upon which the reason can find a foot-hold in its search after the immutable

principles of the universe. It may say, when it has reached the last analysis possible to its insight, that this or that is an eternal and necessary principle, existing in the uncreated mind of God, and therefore that the facts must be thus, and not otherwise; but the only logical proof which it can offer for the statement is, that thus the facts are, and not otherwise. A demonstration of the absolute from the relative is logically absurd. Existence is revealed to us only under specific modifications, and these are known only under the condition of our faculties of knowledge. The relative is all we have, as finite beings, from which to proceed, and with the relative it is perfectly plain that we can never attain the absolute. More is distributed in the conclusion than can be collected in the premises.

Again, it is clear that Dr. HICKOK's argument stands or falls with his success or failure in getting the standing-point from which these necessary, immutable and eternal principles are visible. That standing-point is, to use his own words, the absolute as given in reason. Dr. HICKOK justly concedes that to both the functions of the sense and the discursive understanding, all attempts toward the conception of an absolute involve an absurdity. The reason, however, he asserts, is directly competent to state and expound the whole problem, and this by an immediate insight. The proof that we have such a supernatural faculty, the author considers sufficiently clear in the consciousness of its own working. That we have *not* such a faculty, we consider to be sufficiently clear from the accepted facts and laws of the human mind, and the consciousness of its working. Illustrating this so-called consciousness, Dr. HICKOK says: 'In pure diagrams, we see universal truths without any process of logical deduction,' etc. We think it to be the common-sense of all men, that, being as we are, made up of matter and spirit, 'pure diagrams' or 'pure thinking' is impossible. That is to say, so long as we are in the flesh, we can never construct a diagram, can never think, without the intervention of some language written, spoken, or imagined: what may be possible for us as pure spirits, it is impossible to say. The attempt to escape all figure and symbol in our apprehensions of philosophical truth, will result no better than past attempts so to apprehend divine truth. Behind every baldest metaphor and word, lies an infinity which the soul confesses its impotency to grasp in the fetters of any speech. But we can no more reject *all* forms and modes of speech, than the earth can leap above the clouds which surround it, and which are by turns the veil and the vehicle of the splendors of the sky beyond.

That there are certain necessary and absolute truths, which, when suggested to the mind from without, it receives as indisputable, we do not deny; but it is a step beyond even the extravagances of DESCARTES, to say that either they or our feeble reflections upon them will ever disclose the secrets of the universe, or help us know the mind of God 'from before the foundation of the world.' Whether this novel and illegal faculty be called the Intuition of PLOTINUS, the Intellectuelle Anschauung of SCHELLING, the Intuitive Reason, the Source of Ideas and Absolute Truths, or the Rational Insight of HICKOK, we challenge it to produce a single fact or law of nature, a single law of the finite or the INFINITE mind which it has unaidedly discovered. Its methods are as unphilosophical as the vision of ASMODEUS, and its results as dangerous as the dim and dizzy visions of the fourteenth century Mystics.

Whatever of truth there is in Dr. HICKOK's eloquent descriptions or analyses of the facts and laws of the physical Cosmos, has been otherwise discovered than by 'rational insight.' Nature has been closely observed, her facts gathered, grouped, and tortured by tentative and crucial hypotheses; and thus men have arisen to the general laws and the grand plan of the Cosmos, as it actually is, not as it necessarily must have been. It is thus that the world has been led 'from Nature up to Nature's God.' Has Dr. HICKOK, by reversing the process, attained a clearer conception of the DEITY, or of the universe which is His garment?

Again, the author defines the absolute for which he is seeking, as not excluded from all relations and conditions. To this we reply, that it then ceases to be the absolute. That its conditionings are subjective, is no evasion of the logical result: conditioned by any 'must,' or in whatever way, it is the absolute no longer. To call it the absolute, is to call it that which, by its very definition, it has ceased to be.

It will be universally conceded that of the Divine causation, in its essential nature, we can as finite beings know nothing. We can have to do only with second causes; and of these, first as laws, second as facts. But *à priori* principles are only discovered *à posteriori*, from facts. We perceive the fact, and then by reflective analysis or synthesis, discover the *à priori* principle on which the Creative thinking turned. The principle of the uniformity of nature, on which is based every conclusion of Dr. HICKOK's work, is, itself, as a known truth, only an empirical generalization.

The fact is, the learned and able author appears not to recognize the difference, to use BACON's fine phrase, between 'the idols of the human mind and the ideas of the Divine mind. The former are mere arbitrary distinctions; the latter, the true marks of the CREATOR on His creatures, as they are imprinted on and defined in matter, by true and exquisite touches.' We may, doubtless, by an appropriate exercise of the reason in classification, bestow upon contingent and isolated phenomena an empirical generality; but it behooves the boldest thinker, in his definition of eternal principles and necessary laws, to recognize with humility that most fundamental canon of metaphysics, that the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence.

We could wish to notice more particularly, and at length, some parts of the chapters of Dr. HICKOK's work, especially that on space and time; but such a discussion would take us beyond the limits appropriate to these pages. Nor do we, by silence, mean to give in our adhesion to the doctrine that matter is force; indeed, on this point, we must be permitted to say, that a competent physicist would have no difficulty in detecting and exposing many errors of assumption and argument throughout the second and third chapters.

It is only right to say, in conclusion, that the positions which Dr. HICKOK maintains, were seldom if ever argued with more ability; and for the philosophical student, the 'Rational Cosmology' will constitute the best introduction to a study of the Continental rationalists. If his style is not graceful, it is at least as flexible as the nature of the subject will allow, perspicuous, and rising here and there into dignity, and even sublimity. If, in the plan and purpose of his book, the author has failed, it has been where have failed those *fortes ante Agamemnon*, SCHELLING, HEGEL, and OKEN, not to mention the Greek who was greater than either.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL, and other Poems. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON.

THE readers of 'Maga' will be glad to have in a permanent form the collected verses of a young poet, who has so often contributed to their entertainment in these pages. Beginning with the charming ballad of 'BABIE BELL,' and ending with 'The Set of Turquoise,' which we published a few months ago, this tasteful volume preserves for us also, upon the whitest page, and in the neatest type, about fifty shorter poems, among them 'The Blue Bells of New-England,' which were tied up in one of our last year's monthly bouquets, and which have lent their fragrance to the 'poets' corner' in half the newspapers of the land ever since.

Of the numerous young poets whose verses are beginning to have currency, Mr. ALDRICH is perhaps the most popular, and has his future position most assured. Less than half-a-dozen poems in this volume, however, we venture to say, will be long remembered, when it is out of print; that is, less than half-a-dozen are such as nobody but Mr. ALDRICH could have written, bearing his peculiar mark, and crystallized so clearly as to be sure of permanence and admiration. And lest this may be thought to be 'damning him with faint praise,' let us say, that one such poem would prove him *poeta natus*, and that hardly any page in the volume is not agreeable in the reading. Having the concern of an *alma mater*, we desire that he may not be spoiled by undue praise, discouraged by unjust dispraise, (both which he has had plenty of,) and that he may be, to use the transcendental phrase which sounds so oddly in the sweet and Puritanical lips of PRISCILLA MULLEN, 'true to the best that is in him.'

There is some slight injustice in the method of a criticism which should assume, in remarking upon Mr. ALDRICH's poetry, those high standards which are imperative in the judgment of verses from the hands of acknowledged masters in the art of verse. Yet to make use of any lower criteria, is a greater evil, not complimentary to the object of criticism, and which, while it might prolong the life of one or two KEATSES in a century, would help out of their newspaper swaddling-sheets a legion of verse-drulers who ought to be strangled at the second breath.

Clipping the last stanza from 'The Cloth of Gold,' (page 19) let us make it the text of a little plain preaching to our poet:

'WITH art and patience thus is made
The poet's perfect Cloth of Gold,
When woven so, nor moth nor mold
Nor time can make its colors fade.'

More of this 'art and patience' Mr. ALDRICH needs. With an abundance of poetical imagery, and perhaps a superfluity of fanciful conceits, he is deficient in the power of conceiving, or at least of presenting in fitly-ordered verse that rounded perfect whole of beauty which single beauties are subordinate to, and conspire to enhance. Therefore he gives us many polished stones, but rarely a façade in which they stand fitly joined together. The ballad of 'BABIE BELL,' and the Dramatic Sketch, are in some degree exceptions to this statement. The exquisite delicacy and pathos which pervade the former poem like an atmosphere, are far superior to any single line or stanza in it, beautiful as some of them are. The application of this rule does not and should not exclude the poet from making, or us

from admiring, those little 'studies' of verse, of which the present volume is mainly made up, and where a single effect is worked out, not a complex and proportioned whole. They are indispensable to his art and our pleasure, fitting those relaxed moods of mind, when passive enjoyment is more agreeable than active and attentive admiration. But the ambitious poet will aim at something higher and more worthy of his art. He will not be contented with singing snatches of melody, if it is in his power to create a symphony. To make use of his own figure, Mr. ALDRICH must not rest with giving us 'here a thistle, there a rose,' but with art and patience weave his cloth of gold. We must find fault with him also, for writing over-much, and with not enough laborious revision. It is better to be patient than prolific — better to write with labor one perfect poem, than a hundred imperfect ones. The hundred die, but the one lives.

Evidences of carelessness or of defective art, the reader will find scattered not infrequently along these pages. The ending of 'My North and South' is clumsy. The meaning is obvious enough. Why should he say: 'You understand?' Does he suspect himself of an ambiguity? In 'The Ghost's Lady,' a fine effect would be produced, but for the ruinous repetition of the refrain at the end of the third stanza. The real climax is in the three lines:

'Ho! thou art lost —
Thou lovest a ghost,
Lady of mine!'

What kind of art is that which then adds, because it has been the refrain of the two preceding stanzas,

'WHILE the nightingales are in tune,
And the quaint little snakes in the grass
Lift their silver heads to the moon?'

The weakness of the word 'quaint' in its connection, is too obvious to need mention, except, indeed, it was used to signify subtle and artful, meanings obsolete since CHAUCER.

In the next poem, 'We knew it would Rain,' the fantastic conceit in the last two lines,

—— 'THE lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain,'

not only by its change of time gives the preceding stanzas the air of an 'I told you so,' but diverts the mind from the imagery in the first, which is really, or should be, the burden of the poem. 'After the Rain' is an exquisite gem, only marred by a trifling confusion of color, which a modicum of art and patience might have avoided:

The poems, 'Little Maud,' 'Nameless Pain,' and 'I sat beside you while you slept,' (pages 35, 37, and 43,) have merit, but exhibit an arbitrary caprice in their metrical construction, which Mr. ALDRICH is in danger of suffering to become habitual, and which is due again to a plentiful lack of art and patience. The last is also marred by an exclamation for which it is possible to plead neither rhyme nor reason. It occurs in the second line:

'And CHRIST! but it was wo.'

So in 'BABIE BELL' occurs the same inapposite interjection, in still worse taste:

'We said, sweet CHRIST! our hearts bent down,' etc., (page 13.)
'She was CHRIST's self in purity,' (page 14.)

The second-named poem, 'Little MAUD,' affords us occasion to remark on Mr. ALDRICH's use of pet words and phrases. These are mostly diminutives, and from their usual associations not very poetical ones. 'Little,' 'dainty,' 'daintiest,' 'darling,' are reiterated, as if he had lived all his life in Lilliput. In 'BABIE BELL,' which, by the way, is needlessly called 'The Poem of a *Little* Life that was but Three Aprils (?) Long,' the epithet 'dainty' is well managed. But why must those representative maidens, North and South, be called 'Little Girls?' Of his betrothed he sings as

'Of the sweetest little
Lady in the land;'

and bids the lady passing by not to brush her rich brocade

'Against this little maid of mine.'

Moreover, it is a 'little girl' who twines the blue bells of New-England in her hair. With her size we have no business to find any fault. That is her matter; but we object to having diminutive epithets indiscriminately and uselessly applied. We have both daintiest darlings and daintiest palates, little MAUDS and little MARYS, little birds, little snakes, and little towns in multitudes. We hope Mr. ALDRICH will out-grow this peculiarity. The fault, however, is generic as well as specific. He has a habit of satisfying himself with the assertion, that this or that action or natural object is beautiful, without describing it so graphically or poetically as to make us confess that it is so, thus avoiding both the statement of his subjective mood, or the description of its objective beauty. In one stanza of 'Autumnalia,' (page 47,) there is both care and carelessness in avoiding this defect:

'But when I see stretched through the desolate night
The menacing hand of the weird Northern Light;
When the leaves have turned sere and the tulips are dead,
And the beautiful sumacs are burning with red,' etc.

Let us end this verbal criticism by objecting to the word 'touching' in the eighth stanza of the 'Ballad of Nantucket,' as an example of the fault last mentioned, and as a word inappropriate to the straightforward simplicity and objective descriptions of the genuine ballad. There is a painful striving after a wild effect in the fifth stanza of 'A Poet's Grave,' (page 71,) which would be incongruous (even if successful) with the sufficient and admirable characterization in the preceding stanza. Our fault-finding also shall be ended with the mention of Mr. ALDRICH's most obvious weakness—his disposition to impose inappropriately upon descriptions of nature and of character the language and symbols of a single passion, and that the one to which most of his poems of sentiment or passion are limited.

It is apparent on any page of this volume, that Mr. ALDRICH has out-grown, or is out-growing the imitative phase of his poetic life—necessary measles to the *irritable genus*—in which his earliest book of poems left him. That was mainly a book of echoes. Here he sings his own song. To be sure there are traces of color taken on from those with whom he has been associated or whom he has admired. There are single lines reminding us of TENNYSON and COVENTRY PATMORE, and studies which almost seem to have been abstracted from STODDARD's portfolio; but more often his poems exhibit a touch peculiarly his own, a delicacy and wit and fine flavor not often found outside of KEATS or HERRICK. The 'Faded Violet' is

a poem which neither LONGFELLOW nor STODDARD would be ashamed to have written. The picture in 'After the Rain,' concluding with,

'AND in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck,'

is like a sunset by SHAYER, to say nothing of its exquisite symbolism. 'Tiger Lilies' is a chapter in spiritual botany. It is little praise to a poet, who is also a good artist, to pick out single phrases and striking metaphors here and there; but we must be permitted to admire these couplets in the 'Moorland,' (the first, in spite of the fact that lightning never appears in curves:)

'In yonder yawning cave of cloud
The snaky lightning writhes with pain.'

'No more the robin breaks its heart
Of music in the pathless woods.'

'In the Woods' has several fine lines; but they are well subordinated to the general effect. 'BARBARA' and the 'Set of Turquoise' are proofs of a dramatic talent of which we had not supposed Mr. ALDRICH possessed. That is a fine metaphor in the 'Legend of Elsinore, which compares a ship with furled sails in sight of land to a weary bird with folded wings.

We have spoken more of Mr. ALDRICH's faults as a poet than his merits, and for the reason that the former are, in the main, as easy to be corrected as the latter to be perceived. He is not, and never will be, a creative poet of the higher class, nor will his epics be longer than the

TINY epics one might hide
In the hearts of roses;'

but we over-rate the promise of his youth, if he does not yet fashion some such exquisite poem as the 'Eve of St. AGNES,' gathering into a few sweet verses happy thoughts, which will pass from lip to heart long after the epic has gone into a dignified oblivion.

THE WITCHES OF NEW-YORK, as encountered by Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P.B. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON.

IN the first paragraph of the first chapter of this series of sketches, originally published in the New-York *Tribune*, the author disclaims any overstrained effort to make fun where none naturally existed, asserting that 'whatever of humorous description may be found in his book, has grown legitimately out of certain features of his theme.' This disclaimer discloses DOESTICKS' greatest fault as a humorist. Instead of giving his wit and humor (for he has considerable of both) free vent in its natural channels, and never forcing it where it does not flow, all his later writings have the air of a laborious pumping from an exhausted reservoir. These sketches, however, are a decided improvement upon the drunken nonsense of the 'Elephant Club,' and the wit and water of 'Nothing to Say' and 'Pluri-bustah.' They have some value, moreover, as a thorough *exposé* of one of the corruptest classes of male and female swindlers in the metropolis.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF KIT CARSON, the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains, from Facts narrated by himself. By Dr WITT C. PETERS, M.D., late Asst. Surgeon, U.S.A. With original Illustrations drawn by LUMLEY. New-York: W. R. C. CLARK AND Co.

It has been the lot of the famous KIT CARSON to serve as the standard hero of many novels of American border and trapper life. At last we have, from authentic hands, and in great part from his own lips, the story of his life and adventures, which, as if to verify the stale adage, that 'truth is stranger than fiction,' surpasses by an easy stride the fictitious and wonder-vending tales which have preceded it. And this, too, although it is not difficult to discern upon almost any page a something unsaid, for the omission of which we can account, by remembering his modesty in speaking of his own performances.

Dr. PETERS portrays in KIT CARSON one of the last of the American trappers, a noble and rough race peculiar to the growing civilization of the American continent, yet lacking in none of those chivalric qualities which so appeal to the general heart, whether exhibited in the knightly tournaments of the middle age and a far East, or at a later day among the prairies and mountains of our own far West. Our history as a nation would lack one of its greatest charms, and subside to the level of commonest prose, if it did not keep a niche for such American heroes as this.

CHRISTOPHER CARSON is a man of small stature, but of that sinewy and compact make which more than compensates for deficient size. His muscles are hardened by a long life in the open air, labor, and endurance such as would have broken down the frame of a man whose constitution had less resilient strength. He has a large and finely-developed head, a keen gray eye, quick and nervous in its movements, as it has learned to be from long watching of the heavens for smoke from hostile camps, or crows flying from deserted bodies, and of the earth for trail of Indian or foot-prints of deer. His hair is of a sandy color, and worn combed back of his ears. His movements are rapid, but having that combined gracefulness and dignity which comes of perfect self-possession and strength exactly adjusted to action, neither lacking nor superfluous.

Without the advantages of early education or training, an adventurer from his very boyhood, and living for the greater part of fifty years among wild Indian tribes or half-civilized whites, his name has, nevertheless, become with those who know him the synonym of integrity and honor. His character is of the finest sort: he is firm, active, self-reliant, with a will that nerves itself to the pitch of any occasion, generous and chivalric, patient, far-seeing, and brave.

From Kentucky to Oregon, and from Missouri to California, all over the broad prairies, and through the passes of high mountains, even upon their summits, has been left the print of his moccasin and has been heard the crack of his rifle. From the Three Parks to Taos he has trapped for beaver, and fought the Apaches and Camanches. Three of the most notable of our exploring expeditions he has guided, and the lives of hundreds of Americans saved. Indisposed to the restraints and the artificial life of crowded cities, he resides at Fernandez de Taos, New-Mexico, our Indian agent there, still in the vigor of manhood, and preserving a fame with which that of the GORDON CUMMINGSES and JULES GERARDS of the old world is not to be compared.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'MEMOIRS OF A NULLIFIER': A STORY OF THE PAST. — We accidentally obtained a little inkling, the other day, of the *Keeness of the Nullification Spirit in South-Carolina*, in the 'times that tried men's souls' upon that subject, and in that region, over a quarter of a century ago. We came across, in rummaging a rare and curious literary *omnium-gatherum* of a neighbor and friend, '*The Memoirs of a Nullifier, written by Himself*,' and published in Columbia, (S. C.), in 1832: a thin, coarse-typed little book, but as full of fun and satire 'as an egg is of meat.' It is dedicated to Governor HAMILTON, the BAYARD of the Palmetto State, and most strikingly displays the 'signs of the times,' at the period when it was written. We shall try to present a *resumé* of some of its principal and most amusing incidents; premising, that *we* never saw nor heard of the work before, and have yet to meet the first person who in this respect has been more fortunate than ourselves.

The author begins by a brief description of his childhood and youth. He was born in a remote district of a Southern State, of rich but honest parents, where the face of the country was wild, and the manners of the inhabitants primitive. He had a very vivid imagination, but knew nothing whatever of human nature. Every human creature seemed his friend — every pretty woman an angel — all the earth in his neighborhood a paradise. He was well educated, had an abundant estate, and an honorable name: also, a gay heart and sanguine spirit. He fell in love with Miss CYNTHIA ANGELA SIMPSON. She was seventeen, and bewitchingly handsome: 'she was indeed:' with soft blue eyes, auburn hair, the fairest vermeil complexion, and lips as red and pulp — But no matter: he 'went to see her every third hour; beside which, several times a day they exchanged letters long and passionate.' Such love, he says, was considered by good judges, in those days, to be very rare. They were to be married in the fall: and 'it almost seemed as if he could n't really wait.' He was rich, but 'for ANGELA's dear sake,' he wanted to make himself much richer. To this end, he 'went to the chief merchant of the place,' who for several years had been carrying on a flourishing trade in the various wares and fabrics which New-England manufactures so much cheaper than Britain and France: such as Peruvian bark, Irish linen, indigo, segars, etc., all the pure growth of the happy soil of Connecticut.

Mr. INCREASE HOOKER, the merchant referred to, a saint-like man in countenance
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and demeanor, when he waited upon him for the purpose of investing, for profitable return, certain unemployed moneys which he possessed, invited him into his most secret apartment, and cautiously closed the door: 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'you have come at a fortunate moment. For some time I have had a plan by me, by which an immense fortune can soon be made; but I have hitherto been unable to carry it into execution, for the want of a little additional capital. I have invented a FRYING-PAN,' said he, pushing his spectacles up on his forehead, leaning back in his chair, and looking very level at me, 'upon a new and wonderful principle. The mechanism is such, that the slices of bacon, when exactly half done, turn themselves over on the other side, simultaneously.* I call it '*Hooker's Patent Self-Animated Philanthropic Frying-Pan.*' We will set up a manufactory of them, which will operate not less to our own personal emolument, than to the general advantage of mankind. I callate, that in about three years their use will become universal over the globe; increasing greatly the comfort of polished nations, and extending civilization and refinement into regions upon which their light never before dawned. An advance of twenty thousand dollars by you will be sufficient: and I assure you, there is not another man in the State whom I would allow to participate with me in such a money-making concern.'

Knowing that every body was fond of bacon-and-eggs, and believing that the popularity and success of the scheme were certain, the required money was advanced, and the manufacturing operations commenced. Our 'investor' next proceeds to build a fine house; sells, through PELEG PHIPPS, Esq., 'a Yankee lawyer, of great skill in drawing deeds, and suing for people's character,' a large plantation for sixty thousand dollars, in order to buy another, which he liked much better. Meantime, he indorses the paper of a friend, (they had 'almost been raised together,') one JOHN RAMSEY, who, in 'a speculation,' was to double his twelve thousand dollars in two months. His frying-pan manufactory, with immense profits was also about starting; and '*political consequence*' was all that he now desired: so his friends persuaded him to run for the Legislature, with positive assurances of his election. When the day for voting came, he made a speech forty minutes long, 'composed according to the rules of CICERO,' which 'pleased *him* very much;' but his opponent spoke three hours and a half; and 'promised, if he were elected, that every man in the district should have a gold mine on his land, and a rail-road by his door, and that constables and sheriffs should be totally abolished.' The consequence was, that when the votes were counted, he was seven hundred behind!

'Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.' As he leaves the court-house, he passes the 'ware-house' of his friend and partner, Mr. HOOKER. That sleek worthy has disappeared; a vociferous auctioneer is selling his property for his debts, amidst the ridicule of the assembly, who declare themselves 'resolved to stick to the good old frying-pan of their fore-fathers;' and the twenty thousand dollars are 'gone to the winds:' while, to crown all, it transpires that RAMSEY has utterly failed, and that PELEG PHIPPS, Esq., with the proceeds of his confiding employer's old plantation, 'under pretence of attending court in another district,' has taken

* This principle is somewhat like one specification of our 'Patent Back-Action Self-Adjusting Hen-Persuader;' but Mr. Hooker's patent is now dead.

the road to New-England, bearing with him not only our victim's sixty thousand dollars, but various other smaller sums with which he had been intrusted.

He is horror-struck at first, thus suddenly to be reduced to poverty; but his 'hardy temper and sanguine spirit' enable him to overcome the feeling: he has his new house; he has youth, health, and he believes, talent: and more than all, had he not, in the love and constancy of the dear CYNTHIA ANGELA SIMPSON, that which was worth a thousand fold more than all which he had lost? He 'had n't nothing else!'—and he resolves to go at once and solace himself with her affection: but while the reflection is passing through his mind, a neatly-penned note is placed in his hand, signed with the full name of his inamorata, and bearing these cruel, heartless words: 'FATE has decided that we must part. Take my last adieu, and spare my sensibility the pain of seeing you more.'

'Sech wo!' *She*, whom he had so fondly worshipped, as the personification of loveliness and truth; *she*, for whom he 'would at any moment have accounted it but *too* much happiness to die;' *she*, to whose love he looked for consolation for the loss of wealth, the treachery of friendship, and the wrongs of fortune—*she* too had betrayed and forsaken him! *This* was more than his soul could endure. He wandered in the obscurity of the night, he scarcely knew whither. Rage and despair took possession of his heart. He threw himself upon the bare earth, and poured forth bitter imprecations against heaven, his beloved, and all mankind.

'What a pity,' he says to himself at length, 'that there is no such thing, in these times, as selling one's self to THE DEVIL! If he were now to appear, he should have *my* soul at a bargain!'

'WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR IT?' exclaimed a strange, low voice at his side.

Then there fell upon him a deep terror; an undefinable sensation of shuddering and dread: his hair stood upright; cold drops gathered upon his forehead, while a curdling thrill ran through his veins, and seized upon his heart. In short, the poor Nullifier was awfully frightened, and with good reason; for two wild eyes, of terrible intenseness, were gleaming upon him through the 'darkness visible;' also, features of supernatural size; a gloomy brow; cheeks furrowed with care, and scarred by violence; lips compressed with mingled pride and malice; while over the high, pale forehead clustered long disordered ringlets of shining black hair, that deepened with its snaky curls the strange shadows of the countenance.

'WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR YOUR SOUL?' again asked the VOICE: 'I will give you a good price. Speak your desire, and it shall be granted.'

On closer scrutiny, our Nullifier notices a singular and ludicrous incongruity between the upper part of the speaker's figure and the rest: 'The body was large and corpulent, and the legs diminutive, like those of an old gourmand. He had on a blue coat, fair-topped boots, and a pair of greasy, corduroy breeches, through a hole in the hind part of which emerged a long black tail, that dangled and curled about as he spoke.* Upon the borders of his jaws grew a pair of tremendous

* PRETTY much as he appeared to old PORSON, when dressed for 'a walk:

'PRAY tell me, how was the DEVIL dressed?'
 Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
 His coat was black, and his trowsers blue,
 With a hole behind, where his tail came through.'

whiskers, blackened with smoke and singed by fire, that hung down almost to his waist.

This horrid personage renews his offer: says that he never failed yet to fulfil a contract; never 'repudiated' an obligation; and finally makes this 'open proposition': 'I will give you as much money (or any thing else) as you may desire, merely on condition that you sign a paper binding yourself never to be married.'

This was a tempting offer, for there was no risk whatever: 'Not marry!' why, after his recent experience, *that* would be an act of folly which he was certain that nothing in mortal shape could possibly beguile him to commit: and as to taking the DEVIL's money, provided he made a good use of it afterward, he saw no objection to *that*: so the conditions were accepted; the bargain concluded; the bonds signed; the 'PARTY of the first part' using an ink-horn, 'which he always carried tied to a button-hole.' The Nullifier was to have as much money as he wanted: but if, at the end of thirty years, he was found with a wife, the 'forfeit' was to be paid. Assigning to him a servant, KALOUF by name, to 'attend upon the gentleman, supply him with as much gold as he should ask for, and execute all his orders,' the DEVIL disappears, and KALOUF, in human form, follows his new master into the town.

In possession of exhaustless wealth and supernatural power, (on the cheapest possible terms,) attended by KALOUF, he removes to the city, explores the gay world, and satiates himself with its pleasures. The splendor of his appearance, and the reputation of vast wealth which he soon acquired, made him exceedingly conspicuous; and for months he 'filled a space in the eyes of the fine world which would have satisfied any ordinary vanity.' Through the manoeuvres of his diabolical attendant, he meets with various remarkable adventures, but we must 'give them the go-by;' coming at once to *one*, however, which had a more immediate effect in determining his destiny.

Early habits had made him exceedingly fond of hunting. One day, in a secluded valley, surrounded by stupendous mountains, and amidst forms and colors of nature that CLAUDE or SALVATOR ROSA might in vain have attempted to rival, he fires three times, with a rifle that never failed him before, at a noble stag, standing less than thirty yards off. The deer vanishes, and is nowhere to be found, dead or alive! Astonished and disappointed at this strange occurrence, he seats himself upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and is soon absorbed in the contemplation of the lovely natural objects around him, when his attention is arrested by a young lady, 'beautiful beyond imagination,' walking on the opposite bank of a narrow stream, as if desirous to cross it. She essays to do so, over scattered rocks; an 'insecure footing betrays one of her steps;' she sinks in the deep waters; from which she is at once rescued by our unseen deliverer; and, full of gratitude, invites him to her father's house, which is not distant, being hidden from view only by a lovely screen of forest. Here he 'remains for some time, delighted with the kindness of the father of LAURA DOUGLAS, and entranced with *her* beauty and grace.' Of course, he is soon head and ears in love; and presently calls upon KALOUF, (who is 'quite a young devil, and had only been married five times,') to write some verses in praise of his mistress. His attendant submits a couple of specimens; but they

'won't do;' he is ordered to 'strike out something between the two:' the result is the following, which, for diabolical poetry, is 'not so bad:'

'THINE eyes do *not* the sun eclipse,
Thy breast no mountain snow discloses:
Nor are thy red and dewy lips
Made out of rubies or of roses.

'Thy brow is not the full-orbed moon,
Thy voice is not the zephyr's sigh:
Thy smile is not the blaze of noon,
Illumining the earth and sky.

'Thy form is not composed of dreams,
Such as wild Fancy oft displays,
Compounded of the sun's bright beams,
Or woven of the moon's pale rays.

'Girls who are formed of dreams and flowers,
Such as the idle poet fancies,
Walk not upon this earth of ours,
But only glitter in romances.

'I would not give one smile of thine,
Or slightest touch of thy soft hand,
For all the shapes, bright and divine,
That fill the realms of fairy land.

'Thy charms, thank heaven, are true and real,
And therefore is it I adore thee:
Ten thousand goddesses ideal,
Would all to nothing fade before thee!'

'This is rather better, KALOUR,' says our hero: 'you've stolen a little of it, but I suppose it will have to do.' Two or three days after this, his attendant comes to him, and asks leave of absence for a short time, that he may visit the Lower Regions 'on a matter of business;' not to 'put too fine a point upon it,' a wedding. He invites his master to accompany him, promising to bring him back in safety: and they set off for the 'place aforesaid.'

The road to the infernal 'Locality' was found to lie through 'a very large cave in Kentucky; that is to say, the one appropriated to the United States;' for each considerable district of the earth had belonging to it a separate road, for the convenience of its own citizens alone. The cave was formed of a multitude of different passages, which, after turning and twisting about in a most labyrinthine manner for twenty or thirty miles, at length all met together, and became one exceedingly broad and well-trodden road, brilliantly illuminated with gas, and smooth as a turn-pike. 'Our traveller' and his attendant are passing at a 'right smart' pace down its rather steep declivity, when suddenly they hear behind them a most prodigious clatter. It is caused by the ghost of a Yankee peddler, who is journeying to the new region with his red-and-yellow wagon of tin-ware and other notions. The 'spirit'-peddler soon overtakes the travellers, and shows himself characteristically impudent and inquisitive, as will 'more fully appear' from the subjoined brief dialogue:

'This is a sort o' slantindicular road, stranger, aint it?' said he.

'Yes: rather so.'

'Jes' so — yes. I guess, Mister, you've come a consid'able long ways?'

'Not very many hundred miles.'

'Expect maybe you're from the North?'

'No, I am not.'

'Did yeõu come by the Paint Meõuntain', or 'cross the Ohio?'

'Neither.' (He wanted to trace my route by these land-marks.)

'Hogs and beef-cattle sell tol'ably low now, I 'xpect?'

(This was to ascertain whether I was a western man.)

'I think it quite probable.'

'I guess, Mister, you've had a good cotton crop this year?'

'I understand that the cotton crop was abundant in Carolina and Georgia.'

'I reckon, maybe, they raise tobacco in the parts yeõu hail from?'

(This was to track me to Virginia.)

'They are fond of tobacco there.'

'Be they? I guess, strangers,' continued the exhaustless 'pump,' 'yeõu have n't none on ye never been in this country we're goin' to, afore, hev yeõu? I'd like to know what kind of a place 't is for tradin'.'

But reader, we have condensed to the middle of 'our hero's history: and having, as we hope, thus far *stimulated* your curiosity, we shall wait until our next number to *satisfy* it: leaving our peddler looking continually along the way for the spirit of old NEHEMIAH PETTIBONES, who'd 'been owin' him ninepence for more'n eighteen years!' There is 'no offence' in the farther developments of the 'Regions' toward which the 'spiritual' trio are journeying, but a most amusing exhibition of political economists and high protectionists; while the adventures which ensue, after the travellers trace their way back to 'the States,' through the Mammoth Cave, are equally 'wild and wonderful.' 'Bide for a little,' therefore, reader; for while you are perusing the first part of this veritable history, the second, and 'conclusion of the whole matter,' will be on its way to you in the post-bags of our common 'Uncle,' SAMUEL.

EDITORIAL NARRATIVE-HISTORY OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER TWO. — Now let us begin at *our* beginning: and the reader must excuse us, if we 'branch off' occasionally; for, to tell the honest truth, it is quite impossible for us to avoid a course so erratic, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, so generally unsatisfactory. But, like the Georgia witness on the stand, recording the deeds of 'Capt. RICE, who 'gin a treat,' we must tell our story in our own way, else, like him and many another, we may 'come out of the same hole which we went in at.'

The first 'pen-scratch' of ours which appeared in this Magazine, was published in the number for April, 1834. It was entitled '*A Contrasted Picture*,' and was really what it purported to be, a story founded in the main upon actual fact and 'some' personal observation. When we left the manuscript with the publisher at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER, then at the corner of Vesey-street and Broadway, (for then the ASTOR-House was not, but gentlemen's dwellings, among them, if we rightly remember, the late PHILIP HONE's, occupied the 'block' to Barclay-street,) the proprietor said he would hand it to the editors, and if we would call in a day or two, after they should have had an opportunity to peruse it, we should be favored with an answer. He added, that there was a 'constant struggle, from the best writers in the ked'ntry, to obtain admission to the pages of the Magazine; and that, 'of course, you know,' very many persons, who 'write good,' are yet obliged, in consequence of the 'rush,' to be turned away.' 'Very well,' we said, 'let the little sketch take its chance: it is pretty *good*, though!'

'Come to look at it' *now*, though, it does not seem to us as it seemed *then*: and yet we recognize so readily and forcibly the scenes and events recorded in it, that beyond the fact of its circulation in the newspapers of the time, we are led to the conclusion that there must have 'been something in it.' Suffice it here to say,

that it was received, accepted, printed, and commended: and doubtless the memory of the pleasure which the reception of our first article for the KNICKERBOCKER gave us, may have led us to regard with undue leniency, and admit into our Magazine articles quite as indifferent as our own *coup d'essai* in these pages. An appeal from a young writer, that 'there *must* be a first-time trying,' always 'touched us nearly.'

But this aside: we doubt if we could now, with all our experience, better describe the tyranny of a village school-master, or the feelings arising in a young man's *heart* on his first voyage down the Hudson, and his approach to, and arrival at, the even *then* 'Great Metropolis of New-York.' As we saw it then, in 'our mind's eye' we can see it now. And we can raise our right hand, and without swearing, 'affirm,' that the scene at the old blue-stone Bridewell, then ranging with the north side of Murray-street, back in the Park, is as true as can be.

And here let us *episodize* for about a minute, a minute and a half, or two minutes: for 'things is working,' in the mind of 'your reminiscent.'

A little way from the old blue-stone Bridewell (where we used to drop in, of a Sunday morning, on our way back from our barber's JIM GRANT's, to have a chat, and leave *the* Sunday paper with old Sheriff PARKINS, of London, then and there in duress) was the 'Court of Sessions,' held in the end-room, toward Broadway: one RIKER presiding. Walking that way one day, our friend DAVID GRAHAM, Jr., said: 'Come, LOUIS: I want to show you the LAW's doings: come and see RIKER.'

This seemed irreverent, yet we went. RIKER ('dear DICK RIKER!') was on the bench, with two aldermen, one on each side of him. THOMPSON, for burglary, in the dock, to be sentenced: a spread-head, big ears, eyes red, mouth satyr-ical. RIKER, whose bald head shone like a greased ostrich-egg, phrenologically developed, turning to each of his associates, and smiling upon the prisoner, said:

'THOMPSON!—it appears from the evidence, THOMPSON, and also THOMPSON, from the verdict of the jury, that you, THOMPSON, have been a bad man: you have been faulty, THOMPSON, on evidence. The Court must make an example of you for your own benefit, THOMPSON, and *also* for the benefit of the public out o' jail. THOMPSON, the COURT has had your case under serious consideration; and have come to the conclusion, that you *must* suffer some. The Court *could* inflict upon you the highest penalty known to the law—fifteen years in the State-prison: but we have come to the decision, that the great ends of public justice (which are as important in *your* case as in *ours*) will be maintained by the sentence which it now becomes the duty of the Court to pronounce. THOMPSON, it is the sentence of this Court, that you be taken hence, to be confined in the State-prison at hard-labor, for the term of fourteen years and ten months: be a good, *willing* man, THOMPSON, while in prison, and when you come out, THOMPSON, take your mother's name, by which you will not be known, and become a useful member and an ornament to society. *Next case:*' and THOMPSON is taken away.

But '*Revenons à nous* KNICKERBOCKER.

One morning, after the publication of the little sketch called '*A Contrasted Picture*,' (it had *been printed* in that Magazine!) we dropped in, to see the publisher. 'Community,' we had no doubt was excited in relation to the article.

Upon inquiry, the publisher said that it was even so: community *was* excited, and had asked for the name of the author.

'Did you inform the inquirers from whose pen proceeded the article in question?'

'I did not: but simply said: 'It is from the pen of a person who will make his mark by-and-by.'

He was right: 'the mark' was made, in the shape of a signature — a *joint* signature — whereby LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK and CLEMENT M. EDSON became the owners and possessors of *The Knickerbocker Magazine*. The payment of certain moneys was rendered necessary: and these 'moneys' were advanced, for both of us, by the truest, most genial, warm-hearted friends in the world. Gone, some of them, now: but surely, 'their reward is with them.'

Well: we commenced the KNICKERBOCKER. There was something in the very name of the work which made us *proud*: and that pride, we are not ashamed to say, lingers with us even until now.

We went to our artist-friend, Mr. F. W. EDMONDS, of the Mechanics' Bank, in Wall-street, to prepare for us a design — the head of an authentic KNICKERBOCKER. He did it: pipe, round-crowned hat; cat sleeping under an old-fashioned arm-chair, with a wide look-out for the old Dutch gentleman toward ancient Pavonia, or Communipaw: the 'House of the Four Chimneys,' belonging to VAN HORN, the First Oysterman, occupying all the visible back-ground.

We are getting a little before our story. Before consummating the purchase of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine from Mr. PEABODY — a parched pea, always on a hot shovel — we took counsel from prudent and considerate friends. We went to see Col. WILLIAM L. STONE, at the office of the '*Commercial Advertiser*,' in William-street, near the corner of Pine. We remember now the sun shining on the backs of a bound copy of Mr. HEZEKIAH NILES' Register.

We presented a letter to Mr. STONE, from a gentleman in 'old Onondaga,' who had taken the '*New-York Spectator*' for many years. We stated, in very brief and simple words, our business. Mr. CLEMENT M. EDSON was with us.

Colonel STONE knew us, and had a regard for us, especially for our twin-brother WILLIS, who had written several pieces of poetry for the '*Commercial Advertiser*,' which had the newness and freshness — 'the dew of his youth' — and which had proved widely popular.

We opened our business to Colonel STONE, after the delivery of the letter:

'Colonel STONE, you have much experience in literature; and we young men, with great confidence in your mature judgment, have come to ask you for your counsel and advice. We have bought the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine; and propose to publish it, and try to make it a good work, which will afford us a living, and perhaps do honor to our periodical literature.'

'Ah!' said the Colonel, putting his long, thin, white fingers to his chin, and then brushing back the 'cow-lick' of stiff black hair on his forehead; 'you have *bought* it, eh? Then what do you want *advice* about? The deed is *done*, is n't it?'

We nodded assent. 'I am sorry for it,' said the Colonel: 'it is a very precarious dependence. From the very first, there has never been a Magazine published in America, which has paid its expenses, from the old *Port-Folio*, down to the

present time. 'I wish you well, *boys*,' added the Colonel, (and Mr. FRANCIS HALL raised his big eye-brows, and gave forth a smile from his thin lips,) 'but I think you have missed it. But be certain of *one thing*, however: whatever *I* can do for you, in the columns of the Commercial, or in your own pages, I will do. Do n't let me *detain* you: (sly dog!) These are business hours, and 'The Commercial' is an evening paper.'

We left—and Mr. HALL smiled again.

Well, the deed was done: and from that hour the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine became a fixed fact in our existence.

It was a great pleasure for us to see the name of our periodical inscribed high up on the gable of MESSRS. WILEY AND LONG'S, number one hundred and sixty-one, Broadway. Many and many a time it gave us a thrill of delight, when we had n't twenty-five cents in our pocket. But who *knew* it?

There had been so much puffing; such an enormous cry, with a limited amount of wool, on the part of the proprietor of the KNICKERBOCKER; that we determined, at the outset, that we would at least avoid an imitation of *that* style of literature. So when we commenced, we said the following words, to wit:

'It will be seen, by reference to the imprint of this Magazine, that it has passed into other hands, and will hereafter be issued under different auspices than heretofore.

'A brief outline of the course intended to be pursued in the future management of the work, will be pardoned, the more readily, it may be, that our readers are assured that we shall seldom trouble them with mere promises.

'No exertions will be left unemployed, to render the work honorable to American Periodical Literature, and acceptable to the Public, whose patronage is only so far solicited, as it shall seem to be deserved.

'The ORIGINAL PAPERS, which it is designed shall be so varied as to form a combination of the SOLID and the USEFUL, with the ENTERTAINING and the AGREEABLE, will be from literary pens of established reputation in different cities and portions of the United States.

'Acceptable Original Articles will be paid for, at such rates as the encouragement of the enterprise shall seem to warrant.

'In addition to the *Original Papers*, liberal space will be devoted, under the head of 'Literary Notices,' to brief and candid reviews of new works, of proper distinction, with such extracts as may be necessary to add interest, or to evince the justice of the accompanying criticism.'

Now this PROSPECTUS was extremely well considered. It agitated our whole thimble-full of brains for over a whole night: we woke up on the morning of April first—'auspicious morn,' of 1834—and on the following day it was expanded before the public. A *feature*—it was a 'feature,' as it turned out—was a '*Monthly Compendium*,' comprising, in a succinct form, all events of importance which might occur during the month, '*with such remarks, or illustrative comments, as they might demand.*'

In the very first number of the KNICKERBOCKER which we ever had the honor to

publish, in the account of the election for Mayor and Common Council of this city, held in April 1834, we wrote as follows :

'THE journals in the interest of both parties were for some weeks beating to arms, and when the period arrived, the city was in a state of the most violent excitement. The contest was attended by riot and bloodshed. On the evening of the second day of the election, it was alleged in the meetings holden in different parts of the city, that members of the party in the minority had been driven from the polls by the presence of foreigners, employed by their opponents to prevent the free exercise of the right of suffrage. Intimations were also received at these meetings, that a riot was intended the next day, in the ward which had been the most turbulent during the day ; and that threats had been made that non-residents who should visit the ward would be attacked.

'In consequence of this information, application was made to the Mayor for an additional police, which was answered by an assurance that the tranquillity of the city should be preserved. At ten o'clock, however, on the following day, the passage of the ship 'Constitution,' drawn through the streets on wheels, flaming with inscriptions, and manned by sailors in uniform, was the signal for the commencement of hostilities. Persons with bludgeons suddenly appeared among the crowd, and an affray ensued, in which a number of citizens were knocked down, and severely injured. The Mayor himself, in endeavoring to suppress the tumult, received a severe blow from a club. . . . (Again the frigate 'Constitution' was attacked, and it was threatened to be destroyed.) 'The Mayor now arrived upon the ground, attended by policemen, constables, and about forty watchmen.

'A scene of violence ensued, which beggars description. The peace-officers, without respect to their authority, watchmen, and citizens, to the number of fifty or more, were knocked down, and some of them dreadfully beaten. Broadway, for nearly a mile, was a surging sea of heads. The shouting, the throwing of stones, and other missiles, and the rattling of clubs, as blows were given, returned, and warded off, the rushing of the immense crowd, and the sudden closing of the stores, altogether formed a scene not soon to be forgotten.'

This, and somewhat more, was penned by an 'eye-witness,' for we saw the whole scene from our boarding-house in Broadway, opposite what is now 'STEWART's, but which was then the old 'WASHINGTON Hotel.'

And how do you think, reader, it was received? Why, the journals of *both parties*, while they were not at all stinted in their praise of the *literary* character of the Magazine, suggested to us that we had 'better let politics alone, if we could not be a little less *one-sided* !'

We took their advice, from that time forth : and we think now, as we have thought ever since, that we might safely leave party-squabbles to party-organs, and occupy a broad neutral literary ground, on which all parties in politics, and men of all creeds in religion, might meet like brothers.

And how we began to go on, from this the first number of the KNICKERBOCKER under our supervision, we propose to proceed to inform the reader in our next 'issuo,' in a narrative less discursive and necessarily 'scrappy' than the present.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — There is a world of truth and sound philosophy in an elaborate article from a late English journal, '*Concerning Tidiness*,' as an over-looked source of human content. Various pictures are drawn, and eminent illustrative examples cited, *pro* and *con*, with strong and even artistic effect: and the corollary deduced therefrom is, that even those 'who are the most common-place in understanding and in feeling; who are not very clever, nor extraordinarily excitable, nor extremely unlucky,' may become equally content, and even cheerful, (in subordination to more serious requisites, of course,) by the maintenance of a constant, pervading, active, all-reaching, energetic TIDINESS. The writer, one branch of whose subject, by segregation and condensation, we present, among other things, says:

'ORDER is heaven's first law:' and there is a sensible pleasure attending the carrying of it faithfully out to the very smallest things. Tidiness is nothing else than the carrying into the hundreds of little matters which meet us and touch us hour by hour, the same grand principle which directs the sublimest magnitudes and affairs of the universe. Tidiness is, in short, the being right in thousands of small concerns in which most men are slovenly satisfied to be wrong. And though a hair's breadth may make the difference between right and wrong, the difference between right and wrong is not a little difference. Tidiness is a great source of cheerfulness; and the more certainly will this cheerfulness result, when the tidiness is the reward of our own exertions. And so I counsel you, my friend, if you become, from whatever real or fancied cause, vexed, and worried, and depressed, do n't sit over your library-fire and brood and bother about it: there is a drawer of yours containing papers, which has for weeks been in great confusion; there is a division of your book-case, where the books might be better arranged: see to these things forthwith. It will occupy you, interest you, perhaps dirty you; but in the end you will find your worry and your depression gone; that you are once more hopeful and cheerful. You have sacrificed to the good genius of TIDINESS, and you are rewarded accordingly. To put things *right*, and to *know* that they are put right, has this effect. I can't tell *why* it is so, but so it most assuredly *is*. Therefore, take this as a maxim: *A disposition toward energetic Tidiness is a perpetual source of quiet satisfaction*. It always provides us with something to think of and to do: it affords scope for a little ingenuity and contrivance: it carries us out of ourselves: and prevents our leading an unhealthy, subjective life. It gratifies the instinctive love of seeing things *right*, which is in the healthy human being. And it is founded upon the philosophical fact, that there is a peculiar satisfaction in having a thing, great or small, which was wrong, put right. You have greater pleasure in such a thing, when it has been fairly set to rights, than if it never *had been* wrong.'

Now this is advice which is not only worthy of being heeded, but of being acted upon. What is true of your library, of your private apartment, your sanctum, is true of your person. Suppose you are in the habit of shaving your chin: do you feel right, to sit down to your work with it unreaped? Does it *feel* well to yourself — would it *look* well, to a friend? Even a woman, with so many countervailing charms, disarming animadversion, is not pleasantly regarded under such circumstances: 'I like not,' says one of SHAKESPEARE'S most 'observant' critics,

'when a 'oman has a big peard: I did spy a big *peard* under her muffler.' So of your habiliments: does the dame say to you: 'Are you going to put on clean linen such a dismal, dirty day as this?' 'Certainly, my cauliflower, for the simple reason that it *is* a 'nasty day,' as the London cockneys term it: would you have *me* 'dirty,' because every thing *else* about me is dirty? 'Cleanliness is godliness,' my sun-flower.' All the while, you do n't exactly *like* to take the trouble; but on that very account, *do it*: just as you may reluct at your accustomed walk, on a deep-snowy winter's day: but your inertia is the very reason why you *should* draw your long boots to the 'junction,' and with legs and thighs warmly housed in 'Russia' or rubber, go forth, 'conquering and to conquer,' through the drifted snow. It is hard getting up, 'when the pale morning chills the eye,' in this wintry weather: but if you have a little boy, as *we* have, and you hear him say, from *his* warm nest, 'Sol-jeer—*yup!*' obey the mandate as if you were a soldier: cold water, a Turkish towel, and goose-pimple friction, are terrorless, after the first bound upon the bed-room carpet. We appeal to our friend Dr. HALL, of the '*Journal of Health*,' who always talks and writes sensibly on such subjects, if our 'premises' are not well laid. - - - 'STOPPING at the 'Washington Hotel,' (*where*, 'S. F.'?—there are a good *many* WASHINGTON hotels,) one hot night last summer, and having been ushered into a room for a trial of 'Nature's sweet restorer,' I was soon casting about for certain means and appliances, should a retreat become necessary before morning, and was horrified to find in the wash-stand 'drawer,' instead of matches, the following highly 'suggestive,' if not altogether poetical lines:

'STRANGER, beware! or here unnumbered bugs
Will suck your substance, like so many Thugs:
Flee for your life! nor trust your tender skin
Where bugs and fleas would drive a saint to sin!'

No sleep there: the 'pote' had 'murdered sleep' by his 'insinuations.' He is liable, even now, to an action for libel. - - - PERHAPS many of our readers may remember a sketch, unmistakably from the pen of DICKENS, in *Household Words*, describing an inebriated young man, 'overcome with last night,' who came before the police-department as a 'complainant' for the loss of a watch. 'Where do you live, Sir?' asked the official. 'Lamber.'... 'Oh! you live in Lambeth?' 'Ye-e-s—Lamber.'... 'What is your profession?' 'Wha'—wha's 'fession?' 'Yes: what is your business?' 'Solirrer.' 'Solicitor; ay: and you've lost your watch, you say?' 'N-o-o; 'tznotnywar'—'tz'afrezomi'. 'Ah: it's not *your* watch, but a friend o' yours? Very well: you come here to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, and we'll have your friend's repeater or you.' (It had already been found, but he was not in a proper state to receive it.) 'T'morrermornin'?' 'Yes, to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock.' 'Wha'-wha'-wha' is it o'clock *now*?—is it to-morrowmornin' or yes-s-terdaymornin'?' He was told that it was '*this morning*,' and was bowed out with: 'There, go away now:' and he zig-zagged from the premises. The following, from a familiar note of an old friend and fellow-Gothamite, reminds us very forcibly of the foregoing scene: 'I was sitting in my slippers the other night, before a good sea-coal fire, (none of your hard, sulphurous anthracite,) reading the '*Narrative-History of the Knickerbocker*;' and when I came to your

remarks upon poor CHARLES HOFFMAN, and ran over that verse of '*Sparkling and Bright*,' which you have quoted, a little occurrence came to me suddenly, out of one of the cells of Memory, which I do n't suppose I have thought of for seventeen years. This was it: there were four young men of us—you know them all but one, at this moment—who were partaking of one of BUNKER's beautiful, quiet, *recherche* dinners, at the blessed old Mansion-House in Broadway, on New-Year's Eve. The viands were of the best; the wines, which were of the finest vintages, cheered but did not inebriate, and were 'discussed without fuss or pretence, or want, or waste.' H——, one of our little party, in a clear, ringing voice, sang '*Sparkling and Bright*,' as, with goblets in hand, we awaited the toast with which he was to conclude. It was given, honored, and our glasses set down; when a clapping of hands was heard in an adjoining apartment, and presently a faint, timid rap 'spiritualized' at our door. It was opened: and there entered a young gentleman, hat in hand, and evidently in the state in which WALLACK represents 'DICK DASHALL' to be, when he shows the 'old woman' the 'min-min-iat-shure.' Looking apparently at some dozen more guests than were present, he said: 'Gen'lemen, 'xcuse me, 'fyou please: I heard that *ex-quis*-ite song, bea-*ew*-t'f'ly sung: and I wish *pus-pus*-sonally, to thank you, on behalf of my-my-*self* and friend in nex' room: 'S'be-*ew*-tiful sentiment:

'LIKE the swubbles that bim
On the beaker's swim,
And bake on the ribs while eating!'

'Gen'lemen, do n't let me intrude: I only wanted to say, I *thank* you, gen'lemen: sincerely THANK you, on behalf of my-my-*self* and friend in nex' room. Good evenin', gentlemen!'—and the grateful fellow bowed himself out.' This is quite as maudlin, and *almost* as well presented, as the sketch by DICKENS, to which we have alluded. Our friend adds, that 'the young gentleman was subsequently so extremely mortified at the ridiculous exhibition which he had made of himself, that from that time forth he was never known, even by his most intimate friends, to be overcome by wine.' - - - Our friendly and gratifyingly-commendful correspondent 'SAW-DUST,' of Pass Christian, (Miss,) must pardon us for presenting a somewhat reduced copy of his clever sketch, wherein we have endeavored to preserve the spirit of the original: In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveller, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being, or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the wood-road, to a miserable 'shanty,' the centre of a small clearing, in what had originally been a 'Black-jack-thicket,' whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as '*The Arkansas, or Rackensack Traveller*.' Our traveller rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed-frame of a cart-body, now covered with bear-skins, and hung upon two big wooden hinges. After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently 'wrathy' at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of '*The Arkansas Traveller*,' which in fact he continues, at sudden intervals, until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to an unexpected conclusion. If this be not 'seeking

lodgings under difficulties,' we should like to know what might be legitimately so considered :

'TRAVELLER : 'Friend, can I obtain accommodations for the night with you?'

'ARKANSAW 'ARTIST : ' 'No, Sir — 'nary 'commodation.'

'TRAVELLER : 'My dear Sir, I have already travelled thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse has had a mouthful to eat: *why* can't you accommodate me for to-night?'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : ' 'Just 'case it *can't be did*. We're plum out of every thing to eat in the house: BILL's gone to mill with the last nubbin of corn on these premises, and it'll be nigh onto the shank of to-morrow evenin' afore he cums home, unless suthin oncommon happens.'

'TRAVELLER : 'You surely have *something* that I can feed to my horse: even a few potatoes would be better than *no* food.'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : ' 'Stranger, our eatin'-roots 'gin out about a week ago: so your chance is slim *thar*.'

'TRAVELLER : 'But, my friend, I *must* remain with you, any way. I can't *go* any farther, whether I obtain any thing to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : ' 'It can't be did, old hoss. You see, we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the ole woman allus occupies *that*: so *whar's* your chance?'

'TRAVELLER : 'Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon-tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence-corner.'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : ' 'Hitch your hoss to that 'simmon-tree? — 'in a horn!' Why, you must be a nat'ral fool, stranger! Do n't you see that's me and the ole woman's only chance for 'simmon-beer, in the fall of the year? If your hoss is so tarnal hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high up as he could reach, afore mornin'. Hitch your hoss to that tree! I 'spect *not*: no, no, stranger, you can't come 'nary sich a dodge as *that*!''

Our traveller, seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined not-to-be 'host' out a little, before informing him of the fact, that *he* too could play the 'Arkansas Traveller:' which once being known, he rightly conjectured, would be a passport to his better graces :

'TRAVELLER : 'Well, friend, if I *can't* stay, how far is it to the next house?'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : ' 'Ten miles; and you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, afore you get thar. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off; there's 'nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if yer bound to cross it, yer'll have to go about seven miles up stream, to ole DAVE LODY's puncheon-bridge, through one of the darndest bamboo-swamps ever *you* see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet — 't was yesterday mornin': though one cend had started down stream about fifteen feet, or sich a matter.'

'TRAVELLER : 'Friend, you seem communicative: and if it's no offence, I'd like to know what you do for a living here?'

'ARK. 'ARTIST : ' 'No offence on yearth, stranger: we just keep a grocery.'

'TRAVELLER: 'A grocery! Where in the name of all that is mercantile do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant!'

'ARK. 'ARTIST: 'The fact is, me and the ole woman is the best customers *yet*; but we 'spect these diggins will improve, and in course business will improve too. Hows'ever, we do suthin *now*, even. Me and the ole woman took the cart t' other day, and went to town: we bort a bar'l of whiskey; and arter we come home, and 'gin to count the balance on hand, we found thar want but jist one solitary picayune left, and as the ole woman allus carries the *pus*, in course she had it. Well, I sot the bar'l agin one side of the room, and shortly arter, the ole woman sez: 'Supposin' you tap your eend of the bar'l,' and I did; and she bought a drink, and paid me the pickayune. Pretty soon, I begun to get dry, and says I: 'Ole woman, spozin' you tap *your* eend of the bar'l?'—and she did; and then she sells me a drink: and the way that pickayune has travelled back'ards and for'ards over the bung of that bar'l, is a caution to them as loves 'red-eye.' But, stranger, losses is apt to come with every business; and me and the ole woman has lost some in the grocery line: and I'll tell you how 't was. That boy BILL, our oldest son, he see how the licker was goin', and he did n't have 'nary red to jine in the retail business; so one night he crawls under the house, and taps the bar'l atwixt the cracks in the puncheon-floor: and I r'ally believe he's got more than me or the ole woman either: the good-for-nothin' vagabond, to come the 'giraff' over his nateral-born parents: it's enuff to make a man sour agin all creation: that boy 'll be the ruination of us yet. He takes to trickery jist as nateral as a hungry 'possum takes to a hen-roost. Now, stranger, what on yearth am I to do? He beats me and the ole woman entirely.'

'TRAVELLER: 'It would be difficult for me to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say it's ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles through a swamp to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just about down: still, my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing only one part of the 'Arkansas Traveller' ever since my arrival, I would like to know, before I leave, why you don't play the tune *through*?'

'ARK. 'ARTIST: 'For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I haint larnt the *turn* of that tchune, and drat me if I believe I ever shall.'

'TRAVELLER: 'Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the *turn* for you.'

'ARK. 'ARTIST: 'Look o' here, *my friend*, do you play the *turn* of that tchune?'

'TRAVELLER: 'I believe I can.'

'ARK. 'ARTIST: 'Lite, 'lite, old hoss!—*we'll* find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Ole woman! ole woman! (a 'hallo!' within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the '*premisses*') the stranger plays the *turn* of the 'Rackensack Traveller.' My friend, hitch your hoss to the 'simmon-tree, or any where else you please. BILL 'll be here soon, and he 'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call SAL and NANCE up from the spring: tell NANCE to go into the spring-house, and cut off a good large piece ov bar-steak, to brile for the stranger's supper: tell SAL to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour-doin's and chicken-fixin's for the stranger. (BILL just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than he was expected a half-hour before.) BILL, O BILL! there's a stranger here, and he plays the *turn* of the 'Rackensack Traveller: go to the corn-crib and get a big punkin, and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suthin to sit on and skin a 'tater 'long with me and the ole woman, while the gals is

gettin' supper: and BILL, take the hoss, and give him plenty of corn: no nubbins, BILL: then rub him down well: and then, when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar-skin, for the stranger to sleep on: and *then*, BILL, I reckon he'll play the *turn* of the 'Rackensack Traveller,' for us.'

The 'punkin' was brought; the 'taters' were 'skinned' and eaten; the 'turn' of 'The Rackensack Traveller' was repeatedly played, to abundant edification; and the 'gals' finally announced that 'supper was ready:' and although instead of 'store-tea,' they only had 'saxifax tea-doin's, without milk, yet the repast was one to be long and gratefully remembered. The traveller remained all night, and was piloted safely over the 'big creek' early the next morning. Of a truth, 'music *has* charms to soothe the savage breast!' - - - AND speaking of Music's power in charming savage breasts: PICCOLOMINI is a charming little creature: as fascinating as can be: as natural as a child: as pretty as a poppet: sings sweetly, too, though we have heard much better *artistes*. Upon the orchestra, at the ACADEMY, it behooves us, with the requisite 'deference,' to offer a few remarks. Its 'Skins,' light and heavy, are too *prononcé* to our ear: to those opera-goers who are blessed with longer ones, they must prove a bore: the 'Reeds' were of marked excellence, and there was a noble body of 'Strings'—and 'Sticks.' There is an abundance of 'Brass' in the orchestra, and it needs to be subdued. However, the music of the '*Traviata*' is 'thin, and somewhat obese:' so that the 'Winds' might not have been so much at fault. They blow where they list, and you hear the sound thereof, 'plaänty.' - - - WE hope *many* of our readers have had as happy an hour as *we* have had this morning, *Sliding down Hill with the Children*. The way of it was this: we were returning from our never-neglected morning walk: and when arrived, by a path across the light snow-covered fields, at the top of the gentle ascent, where the Telescope was planted, and the tent of Professor HYATT pitched, last summer, close by the little one-horse church, (skirted by the belt of cedars,) which does n't 'go' now; when arrived there, we found a 'numerous company' of little boys and girls, with their small sleighs, 'rushing like mad' down the declivity, or toiling slowly back with their various vehicles. 'EXCELSIOR' was there, under the command of our little 'SIX-YEAR-OLD,' for whom it was brought from 'the late' Crystal Palace, where it had taken the premium; with its elaborately-japanned surface, its gorgeously-painted scroll-work and central vignette; and more than all, its well-studied form, shaped for mingled grace and speed. It was the 'KING-SLEIGH' of the crowd: we speak advisedly, for we tried them all: and our verdict was universally acknowledged to be 'the thing.' While we were having our several 'rides' on the several little sleighs, and always with a selection of at least one from each of that bright-eyed, red-cheeked throng, a couple of sage professional friends 'happened along,' and audibly laughed at the spectacle. Let 'em laugh!—so did the children: but theirs was the right *kind* of cachinnation—the real SIMON 'PURE.' They enjoyed the sport fully as much as we did. Likely as not they may think of it hereafter, too, when

'SOME morn they miss us from the accustomed hill'

in winter, when the snow is favorable, and all their little vehicles are in requisition.

But 'speaking of children:' *some* of the little folk may now take their places at our side-table: those who wait now, shall be served soon after:

'WE, also, my dear Mr. CLARK, have a 'Four-year-old' prodigy, in the shape of a bud-sister, who, it seems to us at least, occasionally makes a quaint and original remark. We shall only note her 'last' just now, which occurred at breakfast this morning; and if it strike you as it did us, we are sure you will place it among the curiosities of infant-wisdom and infant-wit, in the KNICKERBOCKER.

'Our *petite* JULIE had on a pair of new *bottines*, one of which pinched her somewhat, and she requested that it might be taken off.

'Which foot is it, JULIE?' asked her mother: 'the right or the left?'

'I can't tell,' replied JULIE.

'Why,' said 'mother,' 'have I not taught you which was the right and which the left foot? Have you forgotten already?'

'Yes, mamma,' said she naively: '*I can't remember, because they both look so much alike!*'

'Now, every one round our breakfast-table thought that answer quite 'smart' for a 'four-year-old.'

'ONE night not long ago, our little JOHN (we have four children in our family, and there is no one of them who has not a 'scripture-name') was listening to the 'gab' of a neighbor, a young man who had a 'gift' in that kind, while our country fire-side folk were eating green, yellow, russet and red-striped apples from a brown scolloped willow-basket by the fire, and now-and-then taking a moderate glass of crab-apple cider, from a big pitcher, standing over against the stone 'jamb,' in the rear of which roared up the broad-backed chimney such a flaming fire of beech, maple, and hickory wood, as would have done your heart good to see, and your body good to feel, especially on that occasion, for it was 'bitter cold' without. Quoth our young neighbor-man: '*I know*, as you say, that 'we have more advantages, now-a-days, than they used to have;' and that's what makes me say that we *know* more than folks used to know in those times. And it's kept going on so: for there was my grand-father—he did n't know as much as my *father* did: and there's my father, he don't know as much as *I* do, 'cause he has n't had the *opportunities*.' And he held a peeled 'quarter-section' of a Newtown pippin on the point of his jack-knife, before his mouth, while he waited for a response to this 'solid chunk of wisdom.' Quo' JOHNNY, in a half-whisper: 'Mother, was his grand-pa *a fool*, like 'Scotch JIMMIE?'—a harmless 'daft' mendicant, who sometimes asked alms through the place. There was a world of satire in the question: but how the little boy 'got at it' is the wonder: only that he knew that the 'speaker' was regarded as 'soft,' and thought that if he really knew more than his grand-father and his father, the former must certainly have been *a fool!*'

'I CANNOT help thinking that children are intensely imaginative, and live sometimes really ideal lives. I know a little dark-eyed, dark-haired 'WILLIE,' who, instead of playing in the streets, has his haunts on the hall-stairs, and talks and sings gayly with three ideal girls. 'I tell you, ma,' he says, 'I've got three 'maginary girls. They live on the stairs. I call the one with black curls ALABAMA. O ma! I curl her hair on my fingers. You do n't know how pretty we play!' His mother hears him talk and laugh with the 'maginary girls' every day. He has a tiny baby-sister now, and he has named her 'ALABAMA.'

'I HAVE a laughing cherub, a little three-year-wise cousin, who was here with his mother from Wisconsin last summer. The first morning, he explored every room in the house; and every thing available for a boy's play-thing was dragged into the parlor: and any little boy's mother can imagine what a collection it was. But he most delighted in a huge wash-tub. 'Mamma' returned the things. Regarding her with rosy mouth as stern as a general's, he approached her, and tugged away at her sleeve until he pulled her unawares into the adjoining room. 'Now, ma,' he said energetically, 'I want those things. That tub is my boat, and that broom is my 'pusher.' I want that girl's doll to go a-ride with me. Now, ma, if *she* says I may have them, do n't you carry them off again! If *she* lets me have them, do n't you get up and take them away!' It is needless to say, my little cousin had a free loan of all our household machinery. Look out for little Cousin FRANKIE in your diplomatic circles by-and-by!'

'I REJOICE in a 'brace' of nephews of eight and six years, in whom the 'Young American' element occasionally protrudes, 'oncommon.' The 'parients' of the aforesaid, with a view to a proper bending of the twig in a moral direction, had put into the hands of the youngsters an illustrated copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' They had arrived at the 'affair' of CHRISTIAN and APOLLYON, reading and re-reading the Dreamer's account of it with intense interest; but were unable to understand how CHRISTIAN, with the little 'training' he had, and appearances so decidedly against him, could vanquish his formidable adversary. The paternal explanation of the causes leading to the triumph and success of the saint, appeared to be satisfactory to CHARLEY, the elder, but the six-year-old, 'WINTY,' after grave reflection, and a fresh look at the picture: 'Well, father, I should like to see him try the 'BENICIA BOY' once!'

'OUR little 'DAISY,' as we call her, though her name is FLORENCE, has a singular idea of the meaning of great names: and not having as yet learned to spell, we are at a loss about her rules of orthography. We had purchased from a Hebrew gentleman a poor farm-horse, that was afflicted with some of the ills that horse-flesh is heir to. In ridicule he was named BUCEPHALUS; a hard name for 'DAISY' to pronounce: and for reasons best known to herself, she called the old horse 'JEW-S'NUFFLEUS!' As Mr. SPARROWGRASS says: 'He 's got the *Heaves*—got 'em BAD!'

'CHILDREN do sometimes say most amusing things, *do n't* they? I was winding up my watch the other day, in the presence of little lisping LIZZIE. She watched the operation most intently, and inquired what I was doing it for? I explained the *modus operandi*, and its object; and extending the key toward her smooth, round cherub-face—she is really *quite* a cherub to us—I said: 'Would n't you like to have your little nose wound up?' 'No, no!' she replied; 'I do n't want my *nothe* to run all day, like your watch!'

Wait a little while, 'WEE PEOPLE.' - - - Is there not something more than ridiculous—is there not something in ridicule of religion itself—in the flash advertisements of Sunday lectures, or discourses, which may be found in the columns of our daily journals, every Saturday? And this, we are sorry to say, is, after all, but an imitation. Kindred announcements, in English country journals, are actually placed under the head of '*Provincial Theatricals*.' Of a Sunday lecture at the Huddersfield Theatre, a London weekly print says: 'The Rev. J. HANSON commenced his winter 'season' of lectures at this theatre on the tenth instant: the subject, '*How d'ye Do?*' (Why not: 'Does your Mother Know You're Out?') The weather was unfavorable, but the house was crowded in

every part. The subject for to-morrow, being the second Sunday, is: '*Breach of Promise.*' This 'stealing the tricks of the play-men,' by ministers of the Gospel, we are glad to see properly and forcibly rebuked by the '*New-York Observer*' religious and secular journal, both editorially, and through its metropolitan correspondence. In looking over our newspapers for Saturday, such mutilated 'topic'-sentences of Scripture as, '*A Little While:*' '*Not So:*' '*Why?*' and the like, meet the eye: together with mere 'catch-words,' such as the following: '*The Great Hunter;*' '*The Eagle's Nest;*' '*The Cherubim-Guards;*' '*The Tent and the Mansion;*' '*The Creditor and Debtor,*' etc. Well may the editor of the '*Observer*' declare, that such traps for audiences 'are altogether beyond the dignity which belongs to the 'means of grace.' - - - WHEN it was that '*Cold Monday*' in January 'last past;' when you could n't come out of a warm room into the street without having your eye-lids frozen together, as you shut their 'coward gates' against the stinging air; when the sudden contraction of the little black India-rubber cord that suspended your eye-glass, twitched 'said instrument' suddenly into your eyes, where it immediately froze tight; when your mustaches were ice, and your whiskers the same; when little dogs with bushy tails, 'running before the wind,' made marvellous headway; when sheep, being driven to slaughter, died in the wool; thus *then* it was, that JACQUES MAURICE, looking forth into a side-thoroughfare, seized a blunt pencil, and while sucking the half-frozen fingers of his left hand, with the other perpetrated, upon an envelope to an old letter, the following atrocious lines:

'A Cold Morning.

'SCENE: A BY-STREET: SLEIGHS PASSING: AND-SO-FORTH.

'WHAT saith the Blue-nosed Man?
 The red-eared:
 He with a frozen beard:
 The cold, old, shivering, quivering,
 Bleared, besmeared,
 Short, snuffy, shuffling, snuffling,
 Gloveless,
 Loveless,
 Half-dead, Blue-nosed Man?

'This little, lame, deaf man;
 This crooked
 Man, with the nose so hookéd;
 Dead-red, blueish, Jewish—
 Dying, froze:
 A man with a pearl at the end of his nose,
 Stutters,
 And mutters:
 'An't them there blamed fine cutters?'

Is not such 'poetry' as this indictable? - - - 'YOUNG KNICK,' from 'out in the 'Hio,' as they used to call it in our day, where self-reliant, and assiduous to learn, he is preparing himself to be a practical rail-road bridge-builder one of these days; this 'YOUNG KNICK,' of whom some of our readers have often incidentally heard, from the sanctum—writing from Zanesville, gives us this sketch of a certain unique target-practice which 'obtains' in that neighborhood: 'Yesterday morning JAMES H—— (who has treated me with great kindness) and I, went to a meeting

of an 'association' called '*The Auger-Boring Club*.' The game is 'pursued' in this way: First, you have your eyes blind-folded: then you take an auger, and walk one hundred and fifty feet, to a stout plank set in the ground, which, when you *reach* it, you must pierce with the instrument. It was a most laughable sight to see! Some of the 'operators' would make a 'circumbendibus,' and come back to within half a dozen feet of from where they started, with the auger stretched out and flourished before them, in momentary expectation, of course, of succeeding, where so many had failed right before their un-blindfolded eyes! Out of one hundred, only *nine* struck the plank: and each one of the hundred had to pay a small forfeit, which made up a fund for an oyster-supper on New-Year's eve. I thought *I* could do it; and I *did* come within about sixty feet of it! Those who boasted, before trying the experiment, of being remarkable, always, for 'a very correct eye,' did no better, if as well. I never saw so many 'incorrect' eyes, after 'taking sight,' and being covered. I return to Morrow, to-morrow: we have another bridge under way, since my last to mother.' We know of a *Bore* in Gotham, whom we should like to hear from, as being in some far-western State, competing with accomplished 'borers' in this kind. Many a time has he bored completely through our person with a 'pod-auger,' and latterly with a gimlet, pulling it out occasionally, to blow off the chips, and inserting it again, for farther operations: blind-folded, too; for it *does* seem to us, that no man, how big a bore soever he may be, is *aware* of the fact: and as an evidence of this, it may be mentioned that our 'friend' and would-be-contributor, who has haunted us for some dozen years, in person and by notes, (dated from every hotel in town,) says that 'if there is any one thing which he utterly detests, it is — a *Bore*!' But to return to 'Young KNICK:.' we should like to hear him in the parlor at this moment, accompanying, with 'the bones,' his sister at the piano, in some one of her lively, lilting airs, such as 'The Laird of Cockpen,' 'I Wagered my Funds upon the ROBERT-tailed Female Steed,' and other the like stirring melodies. He was wont to evoke much stiff music from the 'Bones:.' not rivalling GEORGE CHRISTY, exactly, but tending toward the effect of keeping that eminent professor 'up to his work.' . . . SINCE quoting and jotting down the foregoing, there came to our mind a remembrance of that most affecting sketch, '*The Dying Minstrel*,' written several years since for our monthly contemporary, '*The Pioneer*,' of San-Francisco, by the present editor of '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' Mr. WILKES. The 'minstrel' was 'TOM BRIGGS,' the celebrated banjo-player, of Mr. E. P. CHRISTY's band, who died in California of fever, caught in going up the Pacific coast. The entire sketch is well worthy of transfer to our pages: but we can find space only for the pathetic picture of the closing scene. The poor 'minstrel' is described as a young man, 'reserved, almost diffident in his manners, always attired with elegance,' and as 'passing his leisure hours in the society of gentlemen, instead of hanging around taverns, and mingling with low company;' and in that laborious practice of his art, which is the mother of improvement: 'His unassuming excellence had made a deep impression on the minds of his companions in the band: and when he was lowered out of sight, many a tear dropped from their eyes into the fresh sand that fell with a heavy, muffling sound upon his coffin:'

'THE evening performance that followed the funeral ceremony was a doleful one. 'For my part,' said HORN, the bone-player, 'I scarcely knew what I was about. TOM and I had travelled together for years, and it seemed to me as if I had lost a brother. All my main business on the stage was done with him; and when I looked around, in the middle of my performance, and found a strange face alongside of me, in place of his, and remembered that I had just helped to put him in the ground, I near a'most 'broke down.' . . . 'Ah! gentlemen, you 'll never see the like of poor TOM BRIGGS again — you 'll not! He was different from most other players. They seldom take any pride in their business; they do n't study; and they 're generally satisfied with any cheap instrument they can get: but TOM was werry particular. He never stood upon the price of a banjo; and when he got a good one, he was always studying some way to ornament it, and improve it. He had a light one and a heavy one, for different kinds of work: and he played so strong, that he had to get a piece of steel made for the end of his finger, as a sort of shield like, to prevent his tearing off his nail. He was werry fond of playing the heavy one; and, when we were coming up the coast, he would sometimes strike his strongest notes, and then turn round to me so proud, and say: 'Ah! EPH., what 'll they thnk, up there, when they hear the old Cremona speak like *that*?'

'It did not make any difference even when he took sick. He played away all the same. But after he got here, he could play only on the light one. He used to have it hanging against the wall, so as he could reach it in bed. 'Most any time you went in, you 'd hear him talking to the old Cremona, as he called it, and making it talk back to him. But by'm-by, he got so weak he could scarcely hold on to it: and I have sat by his bed and watched him till the sound became so faint that it seemed as if he and the banjo were both falling into a dream. All the while he kept a good heart, too, poor fellow! and we kept encouraging him along; and every now and then he would raise himself up and say: 'Ah! how I'll make 'em look around when I get strength enough, once more, to make the old banjo talk!'

'But at last he felt that he was going: and, after some straight, sensible talk, he told us, 'when he died, to take the two banjos and pack them up carefully, and send them home to his father and mother.' An hour before he went, he asked me to hand him his 'light Cremona.' He took a-hold of it, and looked at it for a minute, as if he was a-looking at a person who he was going to part with forever, and then he tried to hit it, but he could merely drop the weight of his thin fingers on the cords. There was no stroke to his touch at all. He could just barely make a sound, and that was so fine that it appeared to vanish away like the buzz of a fly. It was so dim, that I do n't believe he heard it himself: and he dropped his hand, as if he gave it up. Then he looked at me, as if he understood every thing in the world; and, shaking his head, said: 'It's no use — hang it up, EPH.; I cannot hit it any more!' These were the last words that poor TOM BRIGGS ever spoke.'

'At this, the speaker wiped a tear from his eye: but it did him no discredit; for he had described the death of an Artist, and given the best proof of a Man.'

There can be but one opinion, unless entertained by some person who lacks that noble entrail, a *heart*, as to the simple tenderness and touching pathos of this admirable sketch. - - WILL the editors of the '*Rockford (Illinois) Standard*' please say to their readers, that the lines entitled '*Death of the First-Born*,' contributed to that journal by a Mr. 'O. H. DUNLAP,' and bearing

his name as the author, were written and printed by, and came from the *heart* of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK? Does this Mr. 'O. H. DUNLAP' circulate in the honest and respectable society of Rockford? If yea, will either a young lady, or her brother, or a family-friend, on some pleasant evening, when the 'gentleman' is making himself very agreeable in the parlor, ask him when and where *he* penned the feeling and beautiful poem which was first placed in type from our twin-brother's manuscript nearly twenty-five years ago? — looking, the while he is making answer, not so much into his eyes, (for *their* expression a literary thief may dissemble,) but at the lines of *his mouth*, which will unfailingly *reveal* him. 'If he do blanch,' (and he *will*,) you will 'know your course:' and when he leaves the house, count your spoons. - - - Some recent very effective metropolitan speaker — Dr. ADAMS, if we remember rightly — paid an eloquent tribute the other night to 'two things in country life which he sadly missed in the city:' the *Broad Open Fireplace*, instead of the modern hole in the wall, belching out hot air, and affording only presumptive evidence of fire, and the *Old Barn* of the country: *There* was the meadow-sweet scent of the hay; there was the corn stripped of its over-coat of felt and its under-shirt of silk; and on the sunny-side of that old barn, the sun shone warmer and brighter than any where else: and there the speaker and the cattle 'chewed together the cud of contentment.' 'Just so — yes:' and as we read these remarks, we rolled back the tide of time, shut our eyes, were 'spirited' away into the country, and thought we would make the morning fire, and then go out and feed the cattle. It was a cold morning: but the 'log' was in the fireplace; crowned with the 'back-log,' 'middle-log,' and 'top-stick,' the apex almost 'up-chimley:' the 'fore-stick' lay just inside of the tall brass-topped andirons; two 'middle-sticks,' with 'kindling-wood' and 'chips' were beyond; and upon these arose the superstructure, criss-cross and slanting-wise, of split maple, birch, and hickory, with 'round wood' in the interstices: then the brands, plucked from last night's burning, were raked together under-side; and all at once — Talk of a prairie on fire! — there is *no* fire to compare with such a fire as this: and it comes back to us, this 'cold Monday' in January on which we write, with flame and fervent heat in the very recollection thereof! It was warm on the south-side of the barn, though, when we went out: and the cows in their long shed, eating their sweet-scented hay, 'breathed incense on the morning air;' the sheep were 'huddled in their cotes secure,' and tranquilly feeding: and even the fowls, 'warm as punk,' were clucking and crowing, scratching and picking, among the straw, in the cold air, tempered by the morning sun-shine. Go out on the south-side of your barn, country-reader: enjoy the sights, the sounds, the scents, which there abound; and say whether 'our orator' was right or not, in his praise of the old-fashioned barn-yard. One thing, 'in this connection,' before we close: it is a little curious, that of our most distinguished clergymen, lawyers, the 'professions' generally, merchants, 'men of trade,' etc., nearly all of them came from, or passed their early years in, *THE COUNTRY*. And when they, or any of them, 'take their pen in hand,' how well they write of it! — simply because they *feel* what they write. Observe, in

* SEE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for June, 1884: p. 446.

the following too brief extract, how vividly 'H. H.,' a New-York merchant, right by the side of his 'ledger' of *fortunes*, jots down on a slip of paper, for a Boston journal, (which we are sorry not to be able to name,) a heart-felt reminiscence of '*Thanksgiving in New-England.*' Say not that it is 'out of date:' nature, feeling, gratitude, are *never* 'out of date,' no matter what 'day' may be indicated by the accidental 'Governor' of the time:

'THE corn is husked and piled up in golden ingots in the stilted crib; the potatoes, such as have escaped the rot—that vegetable cholera which defies all quarantine—are dug, selected and put into bins and barrels; the apples gathered, the large and fair ones carefully barreled up, and the gnarly ones ground into cider; the mammoth pumpkins heaped up in the crib, or covered up on the threshing-floor; a good stock of chestnuts, hazelnuts, and shell-barks spread on the garret floor; the black, shining turkeys strutting about with defiant gobbling; brown leaves carpeting the ground; the clear blue sky bending above, and a keen, bracing atmosphere every where around.

'The pleasantest picture memory shows me, is that of a dear, kind grand-mother, as she sat of an autumnal Sabbath morning in the patch-work cushioned chair by the window, alone, save my presence, with the large BIBLE open in her lap, her spectacles lying upon the familiar pages, and she dreamily meditating those divine promises which were so soon and so unexpectedly to become to her divine realities.

'The whole scene has been so often remembered and reviewed, that all the details are as vivid as if it were an occurrence of yesterday. The neatly-scrubbed floor, ignorant of carpet; the tall clock standing like a sentry in his box in the corner, not only calling off the minutes and hours with its slowly-swinging pendulum, but also marking the days of the month, giving the size of the moon, and performing I do not know how many mechanical wonders; the festoons of dried apple frescoing the ceiling; the green wood sputtering and pretending to burn, in the spacious fire-place; and the gray cat winking and pretending to sleep in the sun on the window-sill. The room was on the south side of the house which stood on the brow of a hill, and from the window you could look down on almost the entire farm, as it lay basking in the sun.'

Keep alive through all life's changes, such reminiscences as these: and above all, forget them not in the winter! - - - OUR readers have heard of the German materialist-lecturer in London, who, as an irrefragable illustration of the fact, that 'ze s'ing zat was *made*, was more superior zan ze *maker*,' cited 'ze *Cooper*,' who could 'make tub of wine zat could hold five zousand gallon,' while he himself 'could not hold more as fives bottel.' Such, then, is the high character of the profession of this preëminent handicraftsman: and this being the case, listen to the manner in which, according to a correspondent, they are treated in a western State of our glorious confederacy: 'The customers of a certain cooper in a town 'out west,' caused him a vast deal of vexation, by their 'saving' habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. 'I stood it, however,' said he, 'until one day old SAM CRABTREE brought in an old '*Bung-Hole*' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust!' - - - As an example of the *variety* to be found in the '*Memoirs of a Nullifier*,' elsewhere noticed, and as a forcible exposition of the *Immortality of the Soul*, we ask the reader's attention to the subjoined passage: an episode in a conversation ('one night upon the portico, beneath the illuminated heavens, that shed upon the silent earth their serenest light,') between the writer and his 'Second Love:'

'AWAY with the theories of the metaphysicians! The existence and immortality of the soul are things which I believe, because I *feel* them. The CREATOR Himself has impressed a conviction of them upon me. I am aware of the existence of my soul precisely as I am that of my body. I perceive its action even more palpably than that of my corporeal frame; for the latter is usually unobserved, while the former impresses

upon me an incessant consciousness. I *feel* within me an infinite spirit, which acknowledges nothing superior to itself in capacity or duration, except the Omnipotent POWER who made it. Surely that POWER would not deceive HIS creatures with vain hopes and ineffectual longings, and can have bestowed upon me the faculties of an angel for nothing less than an eternal purpose.'

In reply to the suggested assertion of certain doubters, that 'matter may be so modified as to produce all the phenomena of mind,' he eloquently exclaims:

'IMPOSSIBLE! Am I to be told that the orations of DEMOSTHENES, the philosophy of NEWTON, the pictures of RAPHAEL, the poetry of MILTON, are nothing more than conceptions of brute matter? Am I to be told that all this passion and thought which animate my frame; these deep transports of hope and fear, and joy and sorrow, and hatred and despair; these lofty aspirations and vast desires—these dreams of the long-gone past and the distant future; these wanderings of imagination through the abysses of infinitude, are all produced by the vibration of a few fibres of brain underneath the skull? Am I to believe that pure Affection, and incorruptible Honor, and heroic Courage, and fervent Piety, and transcendent Genius, have given to them only a momentary existence, and then to sink into the same grave with the frame which they informed with their fire, and to dissolve into the same dust? Do we not feel, in the LOVE which fills our bosoms, a consciousness of a divine effluence, which will survive every thing less durable than heaven and eternity? Who that had a *heart*, ever doubted that he had a *soul*?'

The reader will agree with us, that this is not less beautifully than forcibly set forth: it is NATURE's argument. - - - A FRIEND, writing from Philadelphia, appends to his private note this short 'specification' of a *Proposed 'Air'-Line for a Mississippi Steamer*: 'It not unfrequently happens on the Mississippi River that a dense fog renders it unsafe for a steamer to proceed; and, as you must often have observed on the Hudson, the fog will appear only to rest upon the river like a huge blanket of twenty feet or less in thickness, so that the smoke-pipes and 'top hamper' are in a clear atmosphere. Mr. C——, one of the proprietors of the G—— House, has just returned from New-Orleans, and relates the following: 'On board the steam-boat 'Belfast,' bound from Memphis to New-Orleans, they were, in consequence of one of these fogs, compelled to stop and 'tie up' at a wood-yard. In the course of the evening the fog gave signs of clearing off, and from the upper, or 'hurricane' deck the stars were plainly visible. An impatient passenger forthwith sought the pilot, who was in the saloon in the quiet enjoyment of a game of euchre. 'I say, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start pretty soon?' 'Yes, as soon as the fog clears up.' 'Well, it's star-light now *over-head*.' 'Oh! yes, but you see we're not going *that way*.' 'Light presently dawned' upon the mind of the befogged inquirer! - - - ONE portion of those for whom prayers are offered up—who 'travel by land'—will be interested in a new invention which our friend Mr. C. A. SMITH, a near neighbor to 'the Cottage,' has constructed and put in operation upon the New-York and Erie Rail-road, at Piermont; and especially will it be of interest to our literary friends, who go about the country, not 'seeking whom they may devour,' but whom they may delight and instruct, by their brilliant lectures: we mean a *Reclining Car*, in which you can sleep as comfortably as in a bed, and at the same time, without the discomfort of

undressing, and *going to bed*: you *recline* upon your couch, and *fall* asleep, without let or hindrance. One very important feature in the invention is, that the common *day-seat* can be converted into the reclining-seat at a very small cost. It is easily moved, at any desired angle, while the passenger is occupying it. It is lighter, stronger, and costs no more than the common day-seat. Passengers can sleep in it without having their muscles strained at all: in fact, they are held as easily as a mother holds her baby in her arms. Moreover, the seat can be so made, that each passenger can have *his* seat reclining, or upright, as he may choose, without interfering with any other passenger. Two cars are fitted up with them on the New-York and Erie Road; and every rail-road traveller is delighted with them: 'so simple and pleasant!' they say. - - - HAVING permitted the 'Young Knick.,' who calls us 'Father,' to have *his* say in our pages, suppose we allow another young gentleman, who calls us, with a familiarity which we are unwilling to rebuke, 'Uncle Louis,' to 'prate' of his *whereabout*, and the 'doings' *thereabout*. He is in the salt-water service of our common Uncle, SAMUEL, in tropical regions, more or less remote from different places named on the several maps of this continent:

'On Wednesday we have 'General Quarters, (in other words, a sham battle,) in order to exercise the men. My position in 'time of action,' is on the quarter-deck with the Captain and First Lieutenant. I am obliged to take notes, and give a full description of the battle: also to act as *aid-de-camp* to the Captain. Every one of our twenty-six guns is manned by the men, and worked in the same manner that they would be in time of war. The Captain and first *Luff* 'fights' the ship: the surgeon spreads his instruments (pretty play-things!) out upon a table in the cock-pit: the decks are all sanded, in order to soak up the blood: * the marines drawn up in file on the port-side of the quarter-deck. Now the Lieutenants commanding the divisions (of guns) report themselves and division ready for action: the midshipman reports his powder-division 'All ready!' the master reports his sails all prepared: and now we begin. The First Lieutenant gives the order: 'Run out—point to the object—all ready—fire!' In case the enemy attempt to board, or *we* attempt it, the order is: 'Call away pikemen,' on the port or starboard bow, quarter, or midships: they, with the marines, range themselves in a line, and with their long pikes repel boarders. The next order would probably be: 'Call away boarders: Prepare to board: Board:' when two hundred men, with drawn cutlasses and horse-pistols, spring up upon the hammock-nettings, and pretend to board. We sometimes tack ship, or, in case of fire, 'man the pumps,' and 'screw the hose on,' to put the fire out. The Captain may go below, upon the gun-deck, and command a dozen men to fall, as if they were dead: when they are immediately carried below, and the surgeon pretends to take a leg or an arm off. It is very exciting, and causes a good deal of fun.' . . . 'How would you like to have a live monkey up at Cedar-Hill?' There are plenty of them here, and very tame. Our principal sport, in fact, is shooting monkeys and alligators: and I can tell you, Uncle Louis, that roast monkey or monkey pot-pie is not such a bad dish, after all. When a monkey-roast comes on the table whole, it looks very much like a *cooked baby*: but after being in a man-of-war three months, we don't mind trifles, and can enjoy every thing and any thing.'

* We have heard the late OGDEN HOFFMAN describe the *reality* of this, when he was a midshipman on board the 'President': 'saw-dust, however, was used.

'FRED.' need n't send us any monkeys: we are afraid of them. A babooness fell in love with us once, at BARNUM'S Museum: in fact, she became so much attached to us, that it was as much as we could do to get away from the affectionate 'creetur!' 'STIRRUP' was with us. - - - The last '*Report of the Adjutant-General of the State of Maine*' is a remarkable document. Its author may crow over his 'Rosters' and 'Tables,' for they are clear, business-like, and methodical. Architecturally speaking, the General's literary style may be called Corinthian-Gothic, combining the elements of graceful proportion, toploftiness, and branching-out, to a remarkable degree. That was a splendid encampment at Belfast on Bunker-Hill day, when 'peal after peal of *canonade* uttered anew LIBERTY'S booming shout, until the signal-gun announced the hour of rest and *rations*! — when friendly greetings were exchanged, and genial courtesy stood sentinel at every breast, and welcomed the approach of man to man.' Here is a fine sentence: the General *italicizes* like a girl:

'The fervid heat of the sun had began to wane, and the lengthened shadows told the hour of departing day. The musket was stacked; the *helmet* unclasped, and the cap and plume laid aside; while the burning brow of the soldier welcomed the grateful boon of the evening breeze. At nine o'clock, in a beautiful hall, richly hung with armorial tracings, might be seen the sylph-like forms and fleecy robes of many a *maiden*, who, in the joyousness of youth and beauty, had come to *garland* the assemblage of strong and brave men; and there, 'mid flashing wit and sparkling eyes, was led the mazy *dance* till the unwelcome finger of passing *Time* tapped the small hours, and motioned, away, away!'

The 'crowning glory,' though, was when the 'Kanuck Rifles,' from Montreal came there, and were received by the main military of Maine. It must have been a fine sight: particularly in the evening, when the commissioned officers, with 'a broad margin of the *élite* of the city of both sexes,' paid court to the mayor and his accomplished lady; 'mid flooded gas-light, the incense of refined sentiment, the perfume of rare exotics, the sparkling of leaflets, the dazzling of beauty, and the swayings of fleecy robes.' It was a pretty sight too, at Bangor-encampment, that August morning, when 'the sun from his eastern *lair* threw aside the sable curtain of the night, and rose in majesty above the misty, foggy vapors that crept in stealthy silence along the waters of the Penobscot,' while, 'mid flashing swords and waving plumes,' Division-Major JAMESON, with 'an eye whose eagle-glance detected both light and shade,' inspected the brigade: a pretty good eye, the Major's; but not so good as Captain SWERTT's, who 'showed fire enough in *one* eye to melt down a six-pounder at a glance!' Powerful eye, *that*! The brilliant day had an end, howbeit: and 'the brooding night-bird had scarcely fluttered from her leafy covert, when the booming of artillery announced the dawning of *another* day' of military glory, which closed without 'the slightest *tint* of disorder.' When such officers as TRITCOMB, and HOGDON, and SWERTT, and VEAZIE, and HIGGINS, and LUDDEX, and NORCROSS, and VIRGIN, vie with each other on the tented field, shall not an Adjutant-General, in whom the martial spirit predominates, be pardoned a little historical highfalutination, in recording their praises? 'Else wherefore breathe we in a 'Trainin' Land?' Yet has this officer been supplanted, and dismissed to private life! Such is the gratitude of republics: such, especially, the gratitude of the State of Maine! - - - 'Coming down the New-York and Erie Rail-road one day, in the 'caboose' of a freight-train,' writes a western wag,

'I witnessed the birth of an impromptu pun, which is hereby offered for rescue from the oblivion of a great many better things, perhaps. A young clergyman came on board in great distress: he had been robbed — wallet, money, papers, *all* gone: and he was 'a stranger in a strange land.' He *must* go on; but *how*, he knew not. Providentially, almost the first man he met in the 'caboose' was an old acquaintance, a drover from the West, who was passing down with a lot of cattle. His disaster was soon explained, and he seemed much relieved by finding one who could substantiate his story, in part at least. By-and-by the conductor came around: but with a wave of the hand, and an 'All right,' declined even to hear the story of the minister. And the minister in turn appealed to the drover for an explanation. 'Why,' said 'old ONRO,' '*this* is it: you see, I am entitled to carry so much '*freight*,' and being short of my complement, I jest told the conductor he might 'count you in,' as so much of my stock!' 'Well, well!' said 'his reverence,' 'I really feel *transported* by the arrangement!' This little circumstance reminds us of a somewhat kindred occurrence, which promised to be much more *serious* in its consequences than it was, although it was not a clergyman who was the 'party,' but an intelligent and accomplished young lady, not yet quite 'out of her 'teens,' the daughter of an old friend, residing in one of the charming rural villages upon the eastern bank of the Hudson. She was travelling abroad, under the charge of a gentleman, an old friend of her family, Mr. L —, whose brother was the widely-popular captain of one of our noble steam packet-ships. They had been on a visit to Wales, and were on their way to London 'by rail.' Every thing to be seen was new to Mr. L — and the fair lady-traveller: and at a certain station, the name of which we have forgotten, the former stepped from the train, to look around for a single moment, upon objects of architecture or of scenery which had attracted his 'passing' curiosity or admiration. While he was gazing around, a second train arrived, upon another track, and in a moment was off again toward London. It was *his* train which was 'off,' bearing his fellow-traveller far from his protection, into the heart of London at night — like a drop of water into that vast ocean of humanity! In the mean time, the conductor had waited upon her: she told her simple story to apparently doubting or worse-hearing ears: a little pocket-money was all she had, which did not suffice for her fare: but she repelled his insinuations; desired to be directed to a hotel, near the great central station in London, and there she would await the arrival of the next train, or *some* intelligence from her involuntarily-'absquatulated' protector. Her decision and manner secured her this attention: the chamber-maid of the hotel showed her to a room, with a comfortable fire: the lady confirmed her story, by asking the maid to take a beautiful lady's watch which was on her person, which the girl did, and placed it in a drawer of a bureau in the room, which she locked: brought her up a cup of tea, (which found her reclining on a sofa, in a flood of tears,) and — a telegraphic despatch, stating that the missing gentleman would arrive by the coming train, which he did, half-crazed with fear and anxiety. The 'weather cleared up' immediately, if not sooner, thereafter! - - - THE following notice of a recent work from the pen of Hon. R. G. HAZARD, of Rhode-Island,* proceeds from

* ESSAY ON LANGUAGE, AND OTHER PAPERS. By ROWLAND G. HAZARD. In one Volume: pp. 343. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

the pen of an accomplished and experienced critic: and in a terse and comprehensive manner will set the exact character of the work before our readers:

'I RECEIVED, and have read the volume you had the kindness to send me, and am greatly pleased with its contents. You have not over-rated the work. It is one of singular merit, combining a depth and originality of thought seldom excelled. I am particularly pleased with the essay on '*Language*.' The author has, unconsciously to himself, perhaps, furnished a happy illustration of his peculiar theory, in the great fact that he has thrown around a dry metaphysical disquisition a drapery of style so attractive as to captivate our imagination while he convinces our judgment. This is an excellence rarely attained by our American authors. Most writers, in treating upon metaphysical subjects, fall into the error of a prosy and labored style, rejecting every thing like ornament, throwing away every idea and every word that does not bear directly upon the theory, the truth of which they seek to establish; or into that other error of sacrificing to redundancy of ornament the logic which should compel conviction. In the one case, they tire us by their dry matter-of-fact efforts at demonstration; and in our weariness we forget their premises before arriving at their conclusions; and in the other, we are so dazzled by their rhetoric that we over-look what there may be of demonstration in their argument. Few men are capable of being at once logical and imaginative. The author of this work combines these rare excellencies; and he carries us along with him in his argument, while a genial sun-light and fragrant flowers are all around us. We feel the force of his logic, while we admire the brilliancy of his genius.

'I am the better prepared, perhaps, to be pleased with the work, because I find embodied in it many things that have had a vague and shadowy existence in my own mind. Those things, which to me were dim and unsubstantial fancies, the author has made tangible creations, living entities: has given to dreamy thoughts *proportion, form and beauty*.

'In saying that I am especially pleased with the essay on '*Language*,' I by no means intend to be understood as not appreciating the other portions of the work. It is, to use a modern but much abused phrase, an exceeding '*clever*' book; in my judgment, far above the average of those by which the country is at present flooded. If it be true, as the editor states, that it was written at intervals snatched from a business which demanded so much of the author's energies and time, it is to be hoped that he may have secured enough of this world's goods to enable him hereafter to give up the hot pursuit of dollars, for the quieter, and one would suppose more congenial, pursuits of literature. MAMMON is too often a stern, hard master; demanding a granite nature, and a heart void of human sympathies in those who would prosper in his service, or be favored at his shrine. He hates literature, contemns science, and places his iron heel in contempt upon genius. He demands practicalities; deals only in the dry logic of facts. The jingle of dollars is pleasanter to him than the music of the spheres, and the ring of gold more enchanting to his dull ears than the harps of angels. The wonder, therefore, is, that this author should not only have ventured upon a book, but should have succeeded in making one so full of interest, while in the service of a tyrant so exacting, and whose rule is one of iron.'

A well-deserved tribute. - - - JUDGE F —, of our State, (as we gather from our correspondent '*LOON*,' also known as '*IRON-POINT*,') who has attained much eminence both as a jurist and a legislator, was, while a law-student, as much noted for his taste in dress and address, as for his proficiency in the rôle of a neophyte lawyer. He was rather small, and sported a pair of legs which afforded little '*visible means of support*' to the rest of his corporeal machinery. At that time, tight-breeches, silk stockings, and broad shoe-buckles, were as much in vogue as are any of the distinctive features of modern dress, in this our day: and a young lawyer must be '*in fashion*,' of course: so our embryo Judge '*went it*,' to the admiration

of all the belles, and the envy of all the beaux of the village. But what a 'rig' for such a pair of legs! So thought every body: so thought SAM JONES, a quizzical old corn-husker, who resided in an adjoining town, and came into the village only as 'occasion' might require. On a drizzly November day, one of these same 'occasions' came around: and SAM harnessed up a famine-struck pair of nags, and made headway toward his destination, as fast as circumstances would permit. He had a light load of corn-stalks; and entering the village with many a thwack and 'yell' at his imperturbable team, he attracted the attention of all who happened to be passing. Among the rest, F —, the law-student aforesaid, was 'out,' and tripping rather daintily along the pave. JONES saw him, while he was yet a great way off: and as the twain approximated each other, the old rope-lines were hauled very 'taut,' and the nags made to stand, as if 'pointing' game, or as if about to perform a military salute. 'I say, stranger,' said JONES. 'Well, Sir, *what?*' replied the student. 'Oh! ah! nothing,' continued JONES: 'only, please be a little keeferful of them LEGS, as they mought scare my hosses, and ——' 'Blast your impudence!' interposed the 'counsel on the other side,' as he 'passed down' and beyond the merry echoes of those who happened to hear the colloquy. 'A good while ago, now;' but true, nevertheless. - - - 'WHAT the other life may be to me,' says an eloquent divine of our time, whom we regret that we are not able to name, 'I know not; but *this* I know and feel: I shall awake in God's likeness, and see HIM as he is;' and out of very longing, I hear HIM say: 'O thirsty, hungry soul, come to Me!' This exquisite illustration follows:

'If a child had been born, and spent all of his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! Parents might tell him of its life, and light, and beauty, and its sounds of joy: they might heap up the sand into mounds, and try to show him, by stalactites, how grass, and flowers, and trees grow out of the ground; till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. And yet, though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals and rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens, bright and blue, and full of sun-light, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a-glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and the interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without: and how he would wonder that he could ever have regretted to leave the silence and dreary darkness of his old abode! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where spring-growths are, and where is eternal summer, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!'

Is there *not* a 'Better Land?' - - - THERE is no 'divided duty,' nor 'counsel,' let us say to 'U. P. S.,' of Boston, in *this* department of the KNICKERBOCKER. The senior EDITOR's pen and judgment, such as they are, are alone responsible for what appears in the 'EDITOR'S TABLE.' 'U. P. S.'s lines were accepted, and will appear, by-and-by, in this capacious and all-swallowing receptacle: but can we find place for 'every thing at once?' Rome, in Italy, formerly quite a thickly-

settled place, was not built in a day. - - - THE 'self-acting' principle of a well-known incubative invention of our own, has been infringed in the '*Plan to Keep Babies Quiet*,' for which a patent is now being applied for at Washington, by some scheming old bachelor. The following is the 'working specification':

'As soon as the sweet little creature awakes and begins to squall, set it up in bed, propped up by a pillow, if it can't sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses: then put half-a-dozen feathers into its hands, and it will at once commence picking the feathers from one hand to the other, until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, more molasses and feathers should be applied immediately; and in place of the nerve-astounding yells of the little dear, there will be a sweet and calm silence, producing the most profound enjoyment and rapturous domestic felicity. A tea-cup with molasses can be kept at the head of the bed, in a stand-drawer, ready for use. Syrup is said to be preferable to common molasses.'

The desiderated patent cannot be obtained: we have interposed a *peccaveat* for signature or contestation. - - - MR. B. C. RODD, of Barnstaple Manor, Five-Dock, Sydney, South-Wales, however 'well known as a lawyer' in that distant region, (let us say in all courtesy to our Australian correspondent, 'LEVITICUS,') can never be *well* known there, or any where else, as a poet, if his lines, '*The Widow*,' are to be taken as an example of his rhyming powers. The slip from the '*Sydney Morning Herald*,' of the fourth September, 1858, the criticism of 'CLEARCHUS,' of the fifth, and the letter of 'LEVITICUS,' of the seventh, reached us only a week before 'this present writing.' Here you have 'time and distance' on a large scale! No wonder that CHARLES LAMB wrote to his London friend in Australia: 'Our old friend TOM H—— has gone to France: you remember *France*?' And, when you think of it, he *was* nearly far enough off to make him forget a *country*, but a friend—never! - - - 'I SAY BRE-OWN,' said one English cockney the other morning, looking over the top of a daily paper at a fellow-'Brumagemer,' 'I say, is n't this raäther saltay? This is the way they '*Jump a Town Scite*' in Superiaw City, faw west: 'Almost every other man has an axe upon his shoulder and some women!' 'Embeg!—caän't be, do n't ye see? 'Superiaw City!'—I should *think* so: and superiaw *people* to jump over it too, with most extraordinary luggage!' - - - Among recent publications, the receipt of which we hereby acknowledge, and notices of some of which are now in type, are the following: '*Journal of the Seventy-Fifth Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New-York*,' including the excellent 'Annual Address' of our good Bishop, POTTER: '*Memoir of Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge*,' which deserves, and shall receive, let us hope, adequate review at our hands; with TICKNOR AND FIELDS' last issues of their beautiful yet wonderfully cheap '*Household Edition of the Waverley Novels*;' an enterprise which deserves all its large and largely-increasing popularity. We have also received the subjoined recent books: 'The Queen's Domain:' 'Shells,' etc.: 'Jubilee at Mont St. MARY's:' 'From the Poor-House to the Pulpit:' with others, which we mention not now, because we hope to allude to them more particularly hereafter. In this category, too, is much original Music, embracing some three or four pieces from three or four friends and correspondents, which await examination and 'practice,' by 'the Girls.'



Saml Byrd

Engraving by J. H. Smith